

GRADUATED
COURSE OF TRANSLATION
INTO
FRENCH PROSE.

— — —
SPIERS.

— — —
5TH. EDITION.

GRADUATED COURSE OF TRANSLATION

INTO

FRENCH PROSE

PRECEDED BY

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

BY

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EXAMINER TO THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM, TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
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TO THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
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5TH. EDITION

(Revised, Enlarged, and Reprinted)

WITH COMMERCIAL APPENDIX AND EXTRACTS OF POETRY

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WHAT has been done for Latin and Greek, I have attempted to do for French. I have tried not only to give a useful collection of 'proses,' but also, by means of Fair Copies, to suggest models of translation from French into English and from English into French. May both the English and the French give the impression that 'they might have been original work!'

Some pieces are translations into French by the master hand of Taine; two or three are translations into English that obtained the prize in the monthly competitions of the Journal of Education, with a few emendations; most are my own. Sometimes my endeavour to introduce grammatical and other difficulties in pieces where style is not the primary object, may detract from the style itself: here the pedagogue craves indulgence on the plea of utility. At all events I hope that my efforts, if weak in themselves, will have the fruitful result of urging others to do better.

It was suggested that this book be worked up into an 'Aid to French Prose.' I have followed my own opinion, that 100 pages of solid *ἔργον* would not be improved by the admixture of 100 more of specious *λόγος*: *la parole vivante du maître* is more precious than endless pages of print. The only 'talk' I have allowed myself in this fascinating subject is a few words of advice to students; and these are not theoretical; all the further guidance that I offer consists in the graduation of the pieces and in a few indications which I trust will be found practical as they are simple:—for the convenience of the master in the selection of a 'prose,' I have given in the Index a brief description of the character of the piece (philosophical, critical, descriptive, etc.) when insufficiently indicated by the title; I have marked with an asterisk the pieces which contain an unusually large proportion of grammatical and idiomatic difficulties, and have given a short list of these at the end of each Correct Version in the Key, so that at a glance the master can choose the most appropriate piece.

These 144 extracts were printed last October for the private use of my pupils, some of whom came to me knowing no French at all, some few very advanced, the generality furnished with the modest modicum that *used* to be known as 'Public School French.' The success of this small privately circulated edition which has been already adopted by some of our best Schools and Colleges, and the words of approval it has met from competent critics, encourage me to publish a book which, I hope, will prove practical and useful to learners and teachers of French.

These merits at any rate may be fairly claimed:

1. The pieces are mostly of a *convenient length*, and can be done in one or two sittings.

2. They are *really graduated*, being very easy at first, and going on to such authors as Dickens, Carlyle, and Ruskin.

3. They have, for the greatest number, excellent *Correct Versions*, being most frequently translations from first-rate French authors.

4. They are thoroughly *practical*.

These 140 pieces were chosen out of four or five hundred that I tested with my pupils for six or seven years; they were selected as the *best*, viz. as the most *popular* among the students on the one hand, and the most *useful* for pedagogic purposes on the other; so that, though very far from perfect, they are one and all satisfactory 'working' proses. If these can be done correctly, others will seem easy.

The practice of *re-translation* is now admitted to be of the greatest service. The student knows that behind the English the French word or idiom lies hidden: he has only to find it; it is there. This knowledge materially if unconsciously helps him to divest the *thought* or *image* of its English dress, and then to express it freely, as a good French author would do. If he learns by heart the *Correct Versions* of judiciously selected pieces, he will learn the correct form of the words or sentences over which he has tripped or blundered; he will acquire innumerable concrete instances of grammatical and idiomatic difficulties, grammar in its *applied* form, and a good vocabulary as well.

Seventy-four pieces, however, are English originals, placed generally at the end of each section.

The Key is printed under genuine restrictions that will prevent its indiscriminate circulation. Earnest students can undoubtedly be trusted to make proper use of it; some of course can not. I have even foreseen the case of a pupil not justifying his teacher's confidence, by taking additional precautions to protect a foolish student against himself—I do not say the master against his pupil, for 'cribbing' injures the student, not his master: I have purposely omitted the Fair Copies of a good many pieces at the end of sections B, C, and D. In this way, if a master suspects a student of using the Key before, instead of after, he has shown up his work, he has only to set him pieces that have no *Correct Versions*.

I have shown the greatest respect for the authors from whom I have borrowed. I made as few alterations as possible in the originals. Whenever they were but slight, when, for instance, I changed 'Tom Cribbs' of Gautier into 'Tom Cribb' (No. 69), I boldly signed the author's name, and when I ventured to amend the text of a Daudet or a Taine (as in the Key, Nos. 66 and 120, etc.) I was careful to give the original in a footnote. When I altered the text here and there to add a useful grammatical difficulty, I added the word '*from*' to exonerate the author of a blot on his style of which I was guilty. Finally, when I practically wrote out the text anew, I thought it fairer to take upon my own shoulders the whole responsibility. I must add that some extracts were made so long

ago that, in spite of my best endeavours I have been unable to find their authors.

It is my pleasant duty to record my heartfelt gratitude to the authors whose bright words shed a cheerful light upon our scholastic work, to my pupils whose intelligent criticisms have been a constant guidance to me, and particularly to my colleague, Mr. E. J. Brooks, whose kindness and patience in offering suggestions and helping me in the general revision of the work have been unparalleled.

VICTOR SPIERS.

London, June, 1897.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN this Fourth Edition, which is entirely reprinted, there are but few corrections. Only here and there have words been altered, generally to improve the translation of the French extracts given in the Key, which itself remains unchanged.

AN APPENDIX has been added with Extracts of Poetry to suit the higher Examinations of the Universities, and with extracts containing the chief commercial terms required by those about to enter business life.

My best thanks are due again to my former colleague, Mr. E. J. Brooks, and to several very kind friends for their most useful suggestions and help in revising the proofs.

VICTOR SPIERS.

London, June, 1903.

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

An ideal translation gives 'the spirit of one language in the body of another,' or, in other words, produces on the reader's mind an effect similar both in style and thought to that of the original.

To write a good translation, there are three requisites:

1. A Vocabulary,
2. Knowledge of Grammar,
3. Style.

1. **Vocabulary.**—The Vocabulary supplies the materials you have to work with.

To acquire a vocabulary, learn the words in a book of French Vocabularies ⁽¹⁾ supplemented by your own reading. Choose good authors only; avoid novels containing slang words that you are sure to remember; take down the words you do not know, and learn them so as to be able to say at once the French for the English.

When reading, do not trust your memory, but take down, in a note-book kept for this special purpose and divided according to your wants, all new or catchy words, useful phrases and idioms, the prepositions required after the verbs, homonyms and synonyms and paronyms, &c. If you had three or four years to learn *one* language, you might rely upon repetition to engrave the words and constructions upon your memory; but if you want to make rapid progress, you must remember what you see but once or twice at the utmost; you must therefore write down those thousand tiny items that make up the grand total of sound scholarship; learn them and keep them well rubbed up.

Have *all* your vocabulary ready to hand. It is better to have a small stock at your immediate command than a huge one buried in dark recesses of your memory; 4,000 or even 3,000 words are amply sufficient. Have a good large French-English Dictionary, and do not trouble about words that you do not find in it; they are either slang or too technical for literary purposes, and you are generally no better off when you know the English.

Whenever you come across a passage containing many new words, *learn it by heart*. This is the most intelligent way of adding to your vocabulary; and each passage you learn by heart will make your next 'prose' easier.

2. **Grammar.**—Grammar is indispensable as teaching you to use your vocabulary correctly.

⁽¹⁾ Such as Spiers' 'French Vocabularies' (3,000 words), SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., 1/6.

The rules can practically be *learnt* in a fortnight; the difficulty is to *apply* them, and that at a moment's notice. Their thousand intricacies make the task impossible without the greatest amount of care, patience, and practice.

Correctness.—Your first aim should be grammatical accuracy. Begin at the first extracts of this collection and try to show up an absolutely correct prose; however easy a thing may be, it is most difficult to do it *perfectly*. Avoid 'slips,' a euphemism for disgraceful blunders. Write out your work correctly from the first, without trusting to reading over; in examinations you might not have time for a second reading; and even if you had, you would only perceive a word left out, and leave *the* 'slips' that spoil your work.

Quality first.—Work *slowly* at first; you cannot run before you can walk. Therefore let *quality* come first, *quantity* after. Show up only as much as you can do perfectly; let your work be each time the best you can do. If your time allows you to translate carefully 5 or 6 lines only, do no more; when you have attained linguistic *accuracy* then add to the quantity; speed will come with practice. Whereas ignorance is easy to cure, accuracy is most difficult to acquire in any branch of learning or work; the habit of making 'slips' is incurable.

Whenever you make a mistake write out the correct form, even if—or, in fact, especially if—it is the fifth or tenth time that you have made it; read the correct form aloud and repeat it. If it is a mistake on a rule, write some exercises on that rule, such as are to be found in my *Rapid Exercises* ⁽¹⁾, or any other similar book. After doing some 30 or 40 instances on the application of that rule, the chances are that the application of that rule will come naturally to you, unless it be indeed a very complex case.

Happily, there are not more than 40 or 50 serious stumbling-blocks in French prose. As these are always the same, I chose for this collection pieces in which they occurred most frequently, and constructed the 'Rapid Exercises' and 'French Drill' to deal with them. In practice it will be found that for most mistakes made in a prose there are *Rapid Exercises* upon the difficulty. If therefore you work regularly, you will soon have committed all the mistakes to which you are inclined; and if you do not commit them more than two or three times ⁽²⁾, you will soon be correct.

Finally, *learn by heart* the *Correct Versions* of pieces in which you have tripped, and repeat them *aloud*; so you will utilise the memory of the ear as well as that of the eye.

(1) RIVINGTONS, 2/6; or my 'French Drill,' SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., 1/6.

(2) Many of the pieces given here were intentionally divided into two parts, so that the corrections in the first part should assist in improving the choice of words, grammar, and style of the latter.

3. Style.—The only method of gaining style is to read good authors, to notice and note down the ‘pretty’ words and phrases so plentiful in French. Collect such words as *acharné*, *recueillement*, *mise en scène*, *fantasmagorie*, and try to bring them in—appropriately of course; they at once add a French *cachet* to a piece. In the extracts that are translated from the French, the opportunities of doing so are numerous. Finally *learn* fine passages *by heart*. Thus only can the rhythm of good style and eloquence of vigorous thought be mastered and retained in the memory, where they will lie latent for months or perhaps for years, to serve as conscious or often unconscious models.

Learn French by heart.—It will be seen that the three essentials for writing good French are summed up in the words *learn French by heart*.

The passages taken from the French have been specially selected to serve this treble purpose—of offering a rich vocabulary, various types of the chief grammatical and idiomatic difficulties, and varied models of good style. Not only are the words actually learnt useful, but on the analogy of their present context thousands of combinations may be formed; if ‘*une bande de voleurs*’ is remembered, ‘*une troupe de soldats*,’ ‘*une volée d’oiseaux*’ will sound natural. Moreover, pieces that have been already worked at do not take very much time to learn by heart. Therefore learn the Fair Copies.

If, however, your time is short or your memory slow, prepare the French so as to be able to say it off *fluently* from the English. Though not so durable in its effects as an actual committal to memory, this preparation is of the greatest value; it impresses upon the mind the difference between the two languages in their mode of expressing the same ideas ⁽¹⁾.

The Dictionary.—As soon as you have a vocabulary of 500 words or have learnt about a dozen pages of French, take the easiest pieces and use *no English-French Dictionary*; use your memory, and *paraphrase*. If you get accustomed to using a dictionary, you cannot readily do without, and in ordinary life as well as in examinations you will have none. A little practice will soon enable you to make good use of the words at your disposal, and the constant revolving of these words in your mind will place them at your immediate command. Never use a word of whose spelling or gender you are not positively *certain*; it is far better to use a word that translates the English less well than to risk making a mistake. Finally, never make ‘shots,’ they are almost always wrong; use only the words that you *know* to be right. If you have to translate ‘he has hurt his knee-cap,’ and you do not know ‘*rotule*,’ put ‘*il s’est*

⁽¹⁾ Varied, easy, and instructive practice in this preparation can be obtained in books such as Pellissier’s excellent ‘*Viva-Voce French Class-Book*,’ (RIVINGTONS.)

blessé au genou;" if you have doubts about the spelling of '*genou*,' write '*jambe*;' even '*il s'est blessé*' is better than either leaving a blank, or using a word you are not sure of, or consulting a dictionary. As to the best word, you will find it and learn it in the Correct Version.

The Key.—If the Key is placed in your hands, never use it before your work has been shown up; in fact, get no assistance whatsoever until after correction; otherwise a master cannot know where explanation or help is needed, whereas mistakes show the points that have not been thoroughly grasped or upon which a student has a *tendency* to go astray. Mistakes, therefore, though they are to be avoided as much as possible, are a most fruitful source of information and of progress.

Length.—While speaking of Grammar, I recommended slowness, care, and accuracy—quality first, quantity afterwards. Remember that progress is in proportion to the effort of the mind, and not to the number of lines covered with ink: 10 lines carefully translated are more useful than 20 knocked off '*par-dessous la jambe*.' For, the actual writing of a prose does not add to your knowledge; a prose is but a test of the manner in which you have digested your *pabulum* of vocabulary and grammar; but each line of French learnt by heart is a fresh mouthful of actual mental food. The surest and quickest way to make progress is to learn the Fair Copy of your last prose, then to do as much as you can do *well* of the next.

Speed.—One word as to speed: in English examinations great speed is required: the system has its advantages as well as its defects.

In France dictionaries are allowed, and the time allotted to a paper is about treble the time allotted in England. We require a *ready* man, whose vocabulary is at his fingers' ends and who has not to run through all the rules and exceptions in the subjunctive before he writes '*il faut qu'il parte*,' but to whom the correct grammatical form is so familiar as to be spontaneous. Nor is this unreasonable; for in order to speak correctly you must first write correctly, and in speech both vocabulary and grammar in its *applied form* must be at your immediate command.

In Austria the other extreme prevails; there are no written examinations even for the highest degrees; all are *viva voce*; there is no time for reflection. Let us hope that our system with all its imperfections may be the golden mean.

The result is that in England both vocabulary, and grammar in its varied *applied form*, must be so learnt, practised, and rehearsed, as to be handled, if not so quickly as in a *viva voce* test, at any rate with promptness and with but little reflection.

To sum up,

1. Spare no pains.
2. Aim at *correctness* first, then secondarily at *style* (for you are

asked to translate into *French*), and thirdly (as much as it is possible) at *adequacy of translation*.

3. While reading, never trust to your memory, but fill up your Note-book.

4. *Learn* passages *by heart*, repeating *aloud*, and so cultivate the memory of the ear as well as that of the eye.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Begin at the beginning, so as to show up *perfect* work, and advance slowly upwards.
2. Bring *quality* first, *quantity* afterwards.
3. Aim first and chiefly at *correctness*; then, secondarily, at *style*; and thirdly, at *accuracy of translation*.
4. Use no dictionary, as soon as you know 500 words.
5. Choose first the pieces translated from the French; in these the French ideas expressed in French words and idioms lie hidden; you have to find them. Try the original English pieces afterwards.
6. Learn the correct versions *by heart*.

INDEX.

A.—EASY.

- * An Asterisk before the title marks the piece as particularly *useful* and containing an exceptional number of *grammatical* difficulties.

All the extracts in A have CORRECT VERSIONS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|--|----|----|----|----|-------------|-------------|----|
| 1 | Defeat of Charles the Bold | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 2 | Horace Vernet and the Gendarme | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 3 | *The Forty Thieves | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 4 | *Inconsolable | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 5 | *Joseph II. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 6 | *The Two Niggers | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 7 | *Meissonier as a House-painter | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 8 | The Sailor's Room | .. | .. | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | A. DE VIGNY | |
| 9 | Escape of Lord Nithsdale | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | PANCKOUCKE | |
| 10 | Tyre | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | FÉNELON | |
| 11 | Poetry | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | FÉNELON | |
| 12 | Expectation | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | SANDEAU | |
| 13 | The Hero's Death | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | SANDEAU | |
| 14 | Mme. de Grandpont finds her Husband's Body | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | SANDEAU | |
| 15 | Funeral Honours of a Vendean Nobleman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | SANDEAU | |
| 16 | Disappearance of a Daughter | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | SANDEAU | |

B.—FAIRLY EASY.

CORR. VERS. after a title means that the Extract has a CORRECT VERSION.

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|--|-------------|------------------|----|-------------|-------------------|----|----|
| 17 | *A Bite (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 18 | Execution of Anne Boleyn (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 19 | China (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | VICTOR CHERBULIEZ | | |
| 20 | Battle of Narva (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | VOLTAIRE | | |
| 21 | Pepin the Short (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 22 | Eton College in 1560 (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 23 | Captivity of Richard Cœur-de-Lion (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. | AUGUSTIN THIERRY | | | | | |

| | | | | | |
|----|---|-------------|-----------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 24 | Margaret Lambrun (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | CLAUDE MARCEL |
| 25 | *The Escape (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | X. DE MAISTRE |
| 26 | *Murad the Unlucky (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 27 | *Murad and the Baker (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 28 | *The Revolution in Chili (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. | REVUE DES DEUX MONDES | | |
| 29 | *On Simplicity (Letter) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | VOLTAIRE |
| 30 | *Richelieu (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 31 | *Richelieu and Duels (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 32 | The Hut in the Snow, <i>narrat.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | Transl. fr. | HECTOR MALOT | |
| 33 | *Episode of the Fronde (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 34 | *Louis XIV. (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 35 | *Death of Mme. Roland (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 36 | New-York Newsboys (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | LABADIE LAGRAVE |
| 37 | The Heirloom (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | CHAMPFLEURY |
| 38 | *The Orphan and her Benefactress (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 39 | *An Old Vendean Nobleman (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. | JULES SANDEAU | | |
| 40 | Macaulay (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | MIGNET |
| 41 | Busy Paris (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | VICTOR CHERBULIEZ |
| 42 | An Unexpected Shower (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | THÉOPH. GAUTIER |
| 43 | *Marackzy (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | GEORGES OHNET |
| 44 | *Siege of La Rochelle (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 45 | *Mr. Twigg and the Dog (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 46 | Life in Thibet (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 47 | Recollections of the Alpes Maritimes (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. | CLARISSE BADER | | |
| 48 | Awakening of an Undermaster (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 49 | Avignon (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | ALPH. DAUDET |
| 50 | Nares on Burleigh (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | MACAULAY |
| 51 | Assurance (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | ADDISON |
| 52 | *Earthquake in Salvador (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 53 | Night Travelling in Servia | .. | .. | .. | KINGLAKE |
| 54 | *Funeral of King Charles of Wurtemberg | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 55 | *Death of Balmaceda.. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 56 | *Dining out in the Winter in the Country | .. | .. | JANE AUSTEN | |
| 57 | Beneficial Effects of the French Revolution | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| 58 | *The Inca's Reply | .. | .. | .. | PRESCOTT |
| 59 | *Mutiny on Board a Greek Vessel | .. | .. | .. | KINGLAKE |
| 60 | *Napoleon and the Red Sea | .. | .. | .. | KINGLAKE |

C.—DIFFICULT.

| | | | | | |
|----|---|----|-------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 61 | Curio-Hunters' Wiles (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | CHAMPFLEURY |
| 62 | Laud (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | .. | MACAULAY |
| 63 | Count Altavilla's Death (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | Transl. fr. | THÉOPH. GAUTIER | |
| 64 | The Drawing-room Reading (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | A. DAUDET |
| 65 | The Curio-Hunter (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | CHAMPFLEURY |
| 66 | Country Funeral (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | A. DAUDET |
| 67 | Truth, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> | .. | .. | .. | OLIVE SCHREINER |
| 68 | Laniboire, <i>character sketch</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | Transl. fr. | A. DAUDET |
| 69 | *Boxing, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | TH. GAUTIER |
| 70 | *The Bohemian (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | .. | .. | " | H. MURGER |

| | | | |
|-----|--|-------|-------------------------|
| 71 | Life in a Château (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | Transl. fr. A. DAUDET |
| 72 | *The Aristocracy of Talent, <i>philosophical</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | C. KINGSLEY |
| 73 | *Arab Wiles, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> | | KINGLAKE |
| 74 | Fishing in Iceland (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | Transl. fr. PIERRE LOTI |
| 75 | **A Road in Egypt (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | TH. GAUTIER |
| 76 | Paul's Suicide, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | TH. GAUTIER |
| 77 | Yann's Marriage with the Sea, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | PIERRE LOTI |
| 78 | The Best English People, <i>Society Skit</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | THACKERAY |
| 79 | Bird's-eye View of Old Paris (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | Transl. fr. V. HUGO |
| 80 | The Storm (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | LÉO CLARETIE |
| 81 | Saint-Simon, <i>critical</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | SAINT-ÉLIE |
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| 83 | Renan, <i>ditto</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | M. DE VOGÜÉ |
| 84 | Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, <i>ditto</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | W. T. STEAD |
| 85 | Swift, <i>ditto</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | Transl. fr. H. TAINE |
| 86 | *A Man without a Morrow, <i>narrat. and philosoph.</i> | | GEO. R. SIMS |
| 87 | *British Bluff—' Might is Right ' | | KINGLAKE |
| 88 | Rousseau, Life and Works, <i>critical</i> | | H. T. DYER |
| 89 | Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | | SAM. JOHNSON |
| 90 | La Basoche, <i>histor.</i> | | |
| 91 | *The Challenge, <i>descrip. narrat.</i> | | W. SCOTT |
| 92 | *Damascus, <i>descrip.</i> | | KINGLAKE |
| 93 | Work in a Quarry, <i>descrip.</i> | | HUGH MILLER |
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| 95 | *Boileau, <i>critical</i> | | |
| 96 | Decay of Authority in France before the Revolution | | |
| 97 | Influence of the Classics on the French Revolution | | |
| 98 | *On Content | | JEROME K. JEROME |
| 99 | Napoleon, Man of the World | | EMERSON |
| 100 | Napoleon's Directness of Purpose | | EMERSON |

D.—VERY DIFFICULT.

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|-----|---|--------------------------|
| 101 | The Mammoth Hot Springs, U.S.A. (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. LÉO CLARETIE |
| 102 | The Deserted House (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | A. THEURIET |
| 103 | Awakening of the Bells in Paris | V. HUGO |
| 104 | ' Crabbed Age and Youth ' (<i>house scene</i>) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | A. THEURIET |
| 105 | Petrus Borel (<i>portrait</i>) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | THÉOPH. GAUTIER |
| 106 | The Harbour (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | I. H. B. SPIERS |
| 107 | 30th Floréal, <i>descrip.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | E. SOUVESTRE |
| 108 | Forsaken! (<i>sea-scupe</i>) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | A. THEURIET |
| 109 | Molière's ' Malade Imaginaire,' <i>critical</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | P. DE ST. VICTOR |
| 110 | Count Labinski (<i>portrait</i>) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | THÉOPH. GAUTIER |
| 111 | Downstream! (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | R. L. STEVENSON |
| 112 | Discontent, <i>descrip.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | OUIDA |
| 113 | The Cattle in Summer (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | OUIDA |
| 114 | Charles II., <i>critical</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | MACAULAY |
| 115 | The City of Sleeping Kings, <i>philosoph.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | RUSKIN |
| 116 | Italian Scenery (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | OUIDA |
| 117 | The Campagna of Rome (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | RUSKIN |

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| 118 | The Jura (<i>landscape</i>) | RUSKIN |
| 119 | *Musings at a Scene on the Clyde (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>).. | W. SCOTT |
| 120 | Toby in a Squall (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | DICKENS |
| 121 | Draper, <i>descrip.</i> (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | SIR EDWIN ARNOLD |
| 122 | Voltaire, <i>critical</i> , (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | CARLYLE |
| 123 | Worship, <i>critical</i> , (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | CARLYLE |
| 124 | Irreligion, <i>critical</i> , (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | CARLYLE |
| 125 | Legend of the Island, <i>descrip.</i> | |
| 126 | Greek and Latin (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | NELSON COLERIDGE |
| 127 | Daybreak upon Ilmani | SIR EDM. TEMPLE |
| 128 | Christmas-time, <i>philosoph.</i> | LEFROY |
| 129 | The Child in the Forest | CAROVÉ |
| 130 | Flemish Scene | OUIDA |
| 131 | Death of Alwyn | MARIE CORELLI |
| 132 | A Dust-storm in India | |
| 133 | A Gloomy Day | |
| 134 | Dawn on Caucasus | MARIE CORELLI |
| 135 | Fairyland, <i>philosoph.</i> | |
| 136 | Village Life | |
| 137 | The Wealth of Poverty | SIR EDWIN ARNOLD |
| 138 | The Lightship | |
| 139 | View from the Rigi | MARK TWAIN |
| 140 | Bells in the Country | R. L. STEVENSON |
| 141 | The Taj Mahal, <i>architect.</i> | CLEMENT SCOTT |
| 142 | The Medway | SIR EDWIN ARNOLD |
| 143 | The Muckle Flugga (<i>sea-scape</i>) | H. D. TRAILL |
| 144 | The Swashbuckler (<i>portrait</i>) (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | Transl. fr. THÉOPH. GAUTIER |

APPENDIX.

POETRY.

| | | |
|-----|---|-----------------|
| 145 | 'Come back to me' (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | RUDYARD KIPLING |
| 146 | King Arthur (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | TENNYSON |
| 147 | Ulysses | TENNYSON |
| 148 | On His Blindness | J. MILTON |
| 149 | Ode to a Nightingale | JOHN KEATS |
| 150 | Home Thoughts from Abroad | ROBERT BROWNING |
| 151 | Macbeth (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | SHAKESPEARE |
| 152 | Hamlet's Soliloquy (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | SHAKESPEARE |

COMMERCIAL.

| | | |
|-----|--|---------|
| 153 | Business Letter (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | |
| 154 | Business Letter (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | |
| 155 | Shipping Agent's Letter (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | |
| 156 | Broker's Letter (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | |
| 157 | Mining Market (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>).. .. . | |
| 158 | Companies' Dividends (<i>Corr. Vers.</i>) | |

Graduated Course of Translation into French Prose.

A.—EASY.

1.—DEFEAT OF CHARLES THE BOLD AT GRANSON (1476).

Having invaded Lorraine and Switzerland, he took Granson, and caused the garrison, which had surrendered on parole, to be drowned. In the meantime the army of the Swiss advanced, and the Duke of Burgundy imprudently went to meet them, and thus lost the advantage which the plain offered to his cavalry. Posted upon a hill which yet bears his name, he saw them descending from the mountains, shouting ‘Granson! Granson!’ while the whole valley echoed with the sound of those two enormous horns named by the Swiss the ‘Bull of Uri’ and the ‘Cow of Unterwalden,’ which they said they had received from Charlemagne in days of old. Nothing could check the Confederates. In vain the Burgundians essayed to penetrate the forest of spears which rapidly advanced towards them. The rout was soon complete. The camp of the Duke, his cannon, and his treasures became the spoils of the conquerors.

2.—HORACE VERNET AND THE GENDARME.

Horace Vernet was painting at Versailles a picture for King Louis Philippe, and a gendarme came to sit for a head. Whilst sitting, the honest fellow told him his misadventures; how he deserved the cross of the Legion of Honour and had it not. His case was truly worthy of interest. ‘Well, perhaps I have the means of making you get it,’ said Horace to him. Thereupon he painted him with the cross in the picture. Louis Philippe was to come on a visit to the studio; Horace was on the watch, and, at the moment when the king entered, he acted as if occupied in effacing the cross. ‘What are you doing there, Horace?’ ‘Ah! Sire, I had made a mistake; I believed that this brave soldier, who is extremely well noted on the muster-roll, had the cross. I have just heard that he has not, and I am effacing it.’ ‘Well! do not,’ said the king.

3.*—THE FORTY THIEVES.

I. Ali-Baba was a poor workman in a town in Persia. One day when he was busy gathering wood in a forest, a band of thieves stopped a few yards from the tree which concealed him from their sight. The chief advanced towards the door of a cavern situated in this very spot and pronounced these words: 'Open, Sesame,' and immediately the door opened, allowing the forty thieves to pass in.

As soon as they had gone out, Ali-Baba, who had heard the cabalistic formula, advanced in his turn and repeated: 'Open, Sesame.' The door opened again, and when Ali-Baba had entered the cave, he found himself in front of a huge mass of riches, accumulated in the place for many a year by the thieves. He took as much as he could carry and withdrew, determined to pay frequent visits to the treasure.

II. His brother Cassim soon suspected something and began to watch Ali. As soon as he had surprised his secret, he went to the cavern himself, without Ali's knowledge; but when he wished to go out, he could not remember the magic word 'Sesame,' remained shut up, and was killed by the robbers, who cut up his body into four parts and withdrew after fixing two inside and two outside the cavern.

Ali-Baba, who occasionally went to the cavern, discovered the mutilated limbs of his brother and carried them home. But this disappearance proved to the thieves that yet another possessed their secret, and they neglected no ruse to succeed in finding him out and provide by his death for the safety of their treasures. But they all perished successively by the skill and courage of Morgiana, Ali-Baba's slave. Ever since, the secret of the cave remained buried in his family, to which it brought constant prosperity.

4.*—INCONSOLABLE.

A boy of seven or eight was crying in the street; a gentleman stopped and asked him what was the matter with him: 'Sir,' the urchin answered between his sobs, 'Mamma gave me a penny and I have just lost it.' 'It is a matter that can be easily mended,' the gentleman said; 'there! here's another,' and he was going off, when the boy began crying and screaming all the louder. 'What is the matter with you now?' 'Why, sir, if I had not lost my penny, I should have two now.'

5.*—JOSEPH THE SECOND.

Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, often travelled incognito. While stopping in a village, he entered an inn and asked for two fresh eggs. The indiscretion of a servant revealed to the landlady

* Useful, 'catchy.'

the traveller's rank. When asked for the amount of her charge, she claimed two sovereigns for the two eggs.

Astonished at the high price: 'Eggs then,' the Emperor said, 'are very scarce here?'

'No, my lord,' the woman answered; 'it is Emperors that are uncommon here.'

Though rather miserly, Joseph II. ordered the two sovereigns to be paid.

6.*—THE TWO NIGGERS.

Several commercial travellers were collected one evening in an hotel. One of them, who was to start very early next morning, wished to retire before the others, and asked for his room; but he was answered that the rooms were all occupied, and that there was nothing for him, the last comer, to do but to share the bed of a negro. The traveller, unable to do otherwise, undressed and slipped into bed by the side of the snoring African, and was not slow in following his example.

Meanwhile, the other commercial travellers, still sitting over their wine, hit upon a ludicrous idea. Provided with a blacking pot and a paint brush, they stealthily went up to the sleeper's room and blackened his face so as to make it like the nigger's.

On the morrow the friends entered the nigger's room, and the traveller was awakened; he got up in haste, dressed, and went to the looking-glass of the dressing-table to fasten his tie. At the sight of his black face he uttered a surprised cry: 'The fools!' he said, 'I told them to wake *me* up, and they come and wake the nigger!'

Then he undressed, got into bed again, and fell asleep.

7.*—MEISSONIER AS A HOUSE PAINTER.

One day, the wife of the great painter Meissonier hurriedly sent for the family doctor. He came at once, thinking the artist had fallen suddenly ill. Nothing of the kind; the artist was in excellent health; it was only about a little lap dog. The doctor swallowed the affront without wincing, and after Mrs. Meissonier had described at great length the symptoms of the little patient's ailment, he wrote a prescription and the dog was soon cured.

At the end of the year, the doctor sent in his account, in which no mention was made of the dog. Mrs. Meissonier, noticing the omission, asked him to put in the dog's illness. The doctor answered that he could ask for nothing, seeing that he was not a veterinary surgeon; he had been very happy to be able to do something for the poor beast, etc., etc. However, as Mrs. Meissonier insisted: 'Well!' the doctor exclaimed, 'the hinges of my garden gate are rusty; tell Mr. Meissonier to bring his brush and to give them a coat of paint.'

8.—THE SAILOR'S ROOM.

A queen's room cannot be as neat and tidy as a sailor's, be it said without wishing to boast. Everything has its little place and little nail. Nothing moves. The ship may roll as much as she will without disturbing anything. The furniture is made to fit the shape of the vessel and of our little cabin. My bed was a seaman's chest. When it was open, I slept in it; when it was shut it was my sofa, and I smoked my pipe on it. Sometimes it was my table; then I sat on two little casks which were in the room. My floor was waxed and polished like mahogany, and shone like a jewel; a regular looking-glass! Oh! it was a pretty little room!

(Translated from A. DE VIGNY.)

9.—ESCAPE OF LORD NITHSDALE.

After the unfortunate attempt of King James to recover the crown of England, the English nobles who had embraced his cause were sentenced to perish by the hand of the executioner. They suffered on March 16th, 1716. Lord Nithsdale was to undergo the same penalty; but he escaped through the love and ingenuity of his wife. The wives were allowed to see their husbands on the eve of execution, to bid them a last farewell. Lady Nithsdale entered the Tower, leaning upon two waiting women, a handkerchief to her eyes, bowed down as if broken-hearted. When inside the prison, she induced her lord, who was of the same height as herself, to exchange clothing, and to pass out in the same attitude as she had on entering: her coach would take him to the banks of the Thames, where he would find a boat which would put him on board a vessel ready to sail for France.

The plan was carried out happily. Lord Nithsdale vanished, and arrived at three o'clock in the morning at Calais. On setting foot on land, he leapt for joy and cried: 'God be praised, I am saved!' This excitement betrayed him; but he was no longer in the power of his enemies. Next morning the priest sent to prepare the prisoner for his death was strangely surprised to find a woman instead of a man. The Governor of the Tower consulted the Court to learn what he should do with Lady Nithsdale. He was ordered to set her free, and she went to join her husband in France.

(Translated from PANCKOUCKE.)

10.—TYRE.

Near this beautiful coast rises out of the sea the island on which Tyre is built. The great city seems to float upon the waters and to be the queen of the seas. Merchants from all parts of the earth come in great numbers, and its inhabitants are them-

selves the most celebrated merchants in the world. Immediately on entering, you would think that it belongs to no particular people, but is the common city of all nations, the centre of their commerce. Its two large piers, like two arms, stretch into the sea, and embrace a vast harbour which the winds cannot enter. Within it rises as it were a forest of masts, and the ships are so numerous that one can scarcely perceive the water on which they float.

(Translated from FÉNELON, Télémaque.)

11.—POETRY.

Poetry is more useful than the vulgar think. Ever since the first creation of mankind, religion has turned poetry to its own hallowed use. Before men had a text of holy scripture, the sacred hymns which they knew by heart maintained the memory of the world's origin and the tradition of God's wonders. Nothing equals the magnificence and fire of Moses' songs of praise; the book of Job is a poem full of the boldest and most majestic imagery; the psalms will be a source of admiration and comfort for all centuries and for all nations, among whom the true God is known and understood. All Scripture is full of poetry, even in the parts in which no trace of versification is to be found. Besides, poetry gave the world its first laws; poetry chastened men when fierce and savage; it gathered them together from the forests in which they were scattered wanderers, civilised them, formed families and nations, and made them appreciate the blessings of society; it has raised men's spirits to battle pitch, and lulled them to peace.

(Translated from FÉNELON.)

12.—EXPECTATION.

Towards noon, thick smoke was seen rising above the woods: it was the castle burning. The firing had slackened, but the singing had redoubled among the besieged, who, triumphant in their disaster, were filling the air with the joyful strains of their voices and instruments.

The Countess had not stirred; only her pale brow had flushed, and her eyes shone with feverish fire.

Suddenly a troop of horsemen galloped out of the wood into the valley. One of them sharply diverged and made for the manor of Grandpont with the velocity of a stone hurled from a sling.

There was but one cry in the Countess' apartment, a cry of joy and of deliverance:

—'Saved! he is saved! it is he!'

The Countess had rushed forward before them all; but almost immediately she shrank back in terror.

It was not the Count.

(From JULES SANDEAU.)

13.—THE HERO'S DEATH.

'Has he remained all alone?' enquired Marie.

'Alone and alive, in the midst of the flames.'

'Then . . . these shots?'

'Tis he: he is alive and still defending himself.'

'Go, sir,' she cried; 'you cannot but be pursued. This castle is under suspicion, seek a surer refuge. As for us, father, come; let us go and save my husband or die with him!' Her voice was loud and her face ablaze.

The same instant a shot was heard.

'Dead!' exclaimed Marie sinking on her knees.

They listened. Nothing more! This report was the last; no other made answer.

Upon the evening of this memorable day, a sight was seen worthy of eternal pity. Madame de Grandpont and her father issued from the manor towards La Roche, followed by all their servants. The old Count walked bareheaded, leaning upon his daughter's arm: Andromache and aged Priam were going forth to claim the corpse of Hector. (*idem.*)

14.—MADAME DE GRANDPONT FINDS HER HUSBAND'S BODY.

Slowly the procession wound down the lanes. All were silent; like their master, the servants were bareheaded. Not once during the gloomy walk did the young widow falter. Her tread was firm; her eyes wept not. She supported her father's trembling footsteps.

At the end of two hours, they stopped before the courtyard of La Roche. M. de Saintes and Madame de Grandpont having presented themselves at the gate, two sentries repelled them harshly; but a young officer appeared, and, bowing respectfully before this dumb grief that he understood without a question, he gave orders that the aged man and his daughter be admitted.

They entered. The castle was erect, but the walls alone remained; the roof had fallen in amidst the flames. The ruins still smouldered. The courtyard was strewn with corpses, disfigured and hardly recognisable.

Madame de Grandpont advanced without faltering among all these horrors. She stooped over each body, examined all, coldly, one by one, and made sure that M. de Grandpont was not there. A gleam of hope flashed through her griefstricken soul.

Turning her head, however, she perceived a soldier silently pointing to a corner of the courtyard. Madame de Grandpont shuddered, walked straight to the spot, uttered a bitter cry, and fell upon the lifeless body of her husband. (*idem.*)

15.—FUNERAL HONOURS OF A VENDEAN NOBLEMAN.

The Countess and her father advanced towards the officer to ask him leave to take away the body of M. de Grandpont.

—‘It is my husband,’ said the Countess.

—‘It is my son,’ said the aged man.

The young man at once gave orders that a litter of branches be prepared upon which they might lay the remains of the Vendean warrior. Four servants of the manor of Grandpont raised it upon their shoulders. When the procession left the courtyard, the drums beat a salute; the soldiers forming front in line presented arms, and the officer saluted with his drawn sword.

The litter went first; M. de Saintes and his daughter escorted by the remainder of their servants followed.

There is at Niosse, upon the brow of the hill that commands the left bank of the Sine, a rustic cemetery, hidden under the shade of beeches and oaks. There, upon the morrow, on a beautiful September morning, M. de Grandpont was buried without pomp or ceremony. *(idem.)*

16.—DISAPPEARANCE OF A DAUGHTER.

The guests had retired; the old Count and Marie's fiancé were alone; first they wondered, then they grew alarmed. Marie was looked for in vain in the manor and the vicinity: no one had seen her go out. They called her over and over again from the terrace: no voice answered. They enquired in the neighbourhood: none had caught sight of her. It soon became horrible agony. Robert was pale and silent, the Count seized with gloomy presentiments.

After they had waited an hour in vain, the young man ordered a horse to be saddled and started out to scour the country round. Several servants followed his example. Old Grandpont remained alone, a prey to an anxiety easy to imagine. At the end of two hours, the servants came back to the manor: none of them had found traces of their young mistress. Consternation was on every face. Robert came back last, more gloomy and silent than when he started. The Count, on seeing him, hid his face in his hands and burst into tears, as if he had lost all hope.

Whilst he wept, Robert paced up and down the drawing-room, with his arms crossed upon his breast; his knitted brow alone revealed all that brewed in his soul. *(idem.)*

B.—FAIRLY EASY.**17*.—A BITE.**

A toy-shop keeper in Islington, among other things, sells fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he has a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man, who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment, happened to see this fish. He looked at it, and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. The shop-keeper did not hear this, but, after the man had knocked a little louder, he appeared at the window up above.

'Who's there?' said Jones.

'Don't make a noise,' the man said in a whisper, 'but come down as quietly as you can.'

At this request the toy merchant, who had recently been robbed, thought there must be something wrong. So he dressed and came down as quietly as possible.

'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Hush!' said the man. 'Pull your line in quick, you've got a bite.'

18.—EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

This unfortunate woman was beheaded on the green, in the Tower of London, on the 19th of May, 1536. The executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to be exceedingly skilful in decapitation. Anne Boleyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted her at her execution could obtain from her, was that she should shut her eyes. But as she was opening and shutting them every moment, the executioner could not bear their mild and tender glances; and, fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to have recourse to an expedient to behead her. He drew off his shoes and approached her silently on the left side, while another person advanced on the right, making a great noise in walking; this circumstance attracting the attention of the Queen, she turned her eyes from the executioner, who was enabled by this stratagem to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely and unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

19.—CHINA.

China has decided for centuries, in its profound wisdom, that white is the colour of mourning and blue that of half mourning; that the bat is the emblem of happiness, and the duck the symbol of domestic felicity; that trousers were only made for women, and men should wear petticoats and never leave hold of their fan; clothes should not have pockets, but one should put away papers in one's hose and boots; that forks must be left to barbarians;

that one must use sticks to push the tit-bit adroitly into one's mouth: that the right way to write is with a paint-brush in perpendicular columns; that a rider who has any self-respect mounts on the right side; that it is not the ancestors who confer nobility on their descendants, but the descendants who ennoble their forefathers; that you ought always to pay your doctor when you are well, and stop paying him when you fall ill.

It is to be noticed that travellers who have only made a short stay in China usually profess extreme scorn for the Middle Empire, and would readily exclaim: 'Is it *possible* to be Chinese?'

(*Translated from V. CHERBULIEZ.*)

20.—BATTLE OF NARVA (1700).

As soon as the cannon had made a breach in the entrenchments, the Swedes advanced with fixed bayonets, having at their backs a furious snow storm which beat in the faces of the enemy. The Russians allowed themselves to be killed for half an hour without budging from their trenches. At the first discharge of the enemy's musketry, the King was hit in the throat; but it was a spent bullet, which stopped in the folds of his black cravat, and did him no harm. His horse was killed under him. M. de Sparre told me that the King sprang nimbly on another horse saying: 'These people put me through my drill,' and continued to fight and give orders with the same presence of mind. After three hours' fighting the entrenchments were forced on every side.

(*Translated from VOLTAIRE.*)

21.—PEPIN THE SHORT (A.D. 741-768).

Pepin was short of stature, which procured him the surname of 'The Short'; but he was said to possess great courage and prodigious bodily strength. History relates an example of it, which we ought perhaps to rank among fables, but which at least points the manners of those barbarous times.

Combats of wild animals constituted one of the favourite amusements of the court of the Frankish kings. Pepin was present at one of these in which a lion attacked a bull; the latter was upon the point of being overpowered, when Pepin, pointing to the savage combatants, cried out to the lords of the court: 'Which of you will dare to separate them?' No one answered his call; then springing into the arena, the king struck off the heads of the two ferocious animals, and casting his bloody sword before the lords, 'There,' he exclaimed, 'am I worthy to be your king?'

In fact, at this period, it only required to be brave and vigorous to deserve a throne.

22.—ETON SCHOOL IN 1560.

The boys rose at five to the loud call of 'Surgite'; they repeated a prayer in alternate verses, as they dressed themselves

and then made their beds, and each swept the part of the chamber close to his bed. They then went in a row to wash, and then to the school, where the under-master read prayers at six; then the præpostor noted absentees, and examined the boys' faces and hands reporting those that came unwashed. At seven the tuition began; great attention was paid to Latin composition and verse, and the boys conversed in Latin.

Friday seems to have been flogging day. The Upper boys were responsible for the good conduct of the Lower in the schools, at meal times, in the chapel, in the playing fields, and in the dormitory; and there was a præpostor to look after dirty and slovenly boys.

Of scholars' expenses at Eton early in the reign of Elizabeth, we find a record in the accounts of the sons of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth. Among the items, a breast of mutton is charged tenpence; a small chicken fourpence; a week's board five shillings each, besides the wood burned in their chamber; to an old woman for sweeping and cleaning the chamber, twopence; mending a shoe, one penny; three candles, ninepence; a book, 'Æsop's Fables,' fourpence, etc. The sum total of the payments, including board, paid to the bursars of Eton College, living expenses for the two boys and their man, clothes, books, washing, etc., amounts to twelve pounds, twelve shillings and sevenpence.

The expenses of a scholar at the University of Cambridge in 1514 were but five pounds annually, affording as much accommodation as would now cost sixty pounds at least.

23.—THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION (1194).

As soon as the report of the arrest of the King of England had got abroad, the Emperor of Germany called upon the Duke of Austria, who was his vassal, to hand the prisoner over to him, on the pretext that it befitted an Emperor alone to keep a king in prison. The Duke yielded to this singular reason apparently with a good grace, but not without the stipulation that at least a certain share of the ransom should be remitted to him. The King of England was then transferred from Vienna to Worms, to an imperial fortress, and the Emperor in his joy sent a message to the King of France which was more to his mind, says a historian of that time, than a present of gold and topazes. Philip at once wrote to the Emperor, congratulating him heartily on his capture and urging great precautions, because, he said, the world would never be free from war if such a disturber of its peace succeeded in escaping. The day fixed for the trial of the King arrived. Richard appeared and had only to promise one hundred thousand pounds of silver for his ransom and to acknowledge himself the Emperor's vassal, to be acquitted on every point. The Emperor, the Bishops, and the German lords then bound themselves by an oath

that the King should be free as soon as he had paid one hundred thousand pounds, and from that day Richard's captivity was relaxed.
(*Translated from* AUGUSTIN THIERRY.)

24.—MARGARET LAMBRUN.

The death of Mary Stuart had such an effect upon one of her followers that he died of grief; his widow, Margaret Lambrun, felt this double bereavement so deeply that she made up her mind to avenge their deaths on Elizabeth. In order to carry out her plan, she dressed up as a man, and obtained possession of a brace of pistols. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get near Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols. One of the guards perceiving this, she was at once arrested. The Queen herself desired to question Margaret. She asked her for her name. 'Madam,' said Margaret boldly, 'although I appear before you in this guise, I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun; for several years I was in the service of Queen Mary, whom you unjustly put to death, and thus you have caused me to lose the best of husbands; for he could not outlive our innocent mistress. I had determined to revenge their deaths upon you.' 'You are convinced then,' said Elizabeth, 'that you have only done your duty? What think you now should be mine towards you?' 'Is it as a judge or as a queen that you ask that question?' answered Margaret with the same steadfastness. Elizabeth declared that it was as queen. 'Then,' replied this woman, 'it is your Majesty's duty to pardon me.' 'But what security,' asked Elizabeth, 'can you give me that you will not perpetrate a similar outrage?' 'A pardon ceases to be one, madam, when granted upon such conditions.' Elizabeth, turning towards her courtiers, exclaimed: 'I have been queen for thirty years, and never till now have I been given such a lesson.' She immediately granted Margaret Lambrun an unconditional pardon, although against the counsel of her advisers.

(*Translated from* CLAUDE MARCEL.)

25.**—THE ESCAPE.

I. The major began to play on his guitar and Ivan began the dance their old gaoler liked best. Soon the fierce old man dozed off, and Ivan, seizing the opportunity, took up the axe that lay in the corner. The excitement the major experienced was so intense that he ceased to play, and dropped his guitar upon his knees. At the same instant the old man got up, and pushed some brushwood into the dying fire. If Ivan had now carried out his plan, a hand to hand struggle would have been inevitable, and the alarm would have been given, which was especially to be avoided. Quick as lightning, he put down the axe behind the block that served as a seat for their guardian, and resumed the dance: 'Play on,' he said with an oath, 'what are you thinking of?'

After the wood had caught fire, the old man sat down again without suspicion, but ordered them to bed. Ivan hastened for the case of the guitar, but instead of taking the instrument the major presented to him, he suddenly seized the axe from behind their gaoler, and dealt him so terrible a blow on the head that the wretch did not utter even a sigh, but fell stone dead, his face in the fire. Ivan dragged him out by the feet and covered him over with a straw mat. They were free . . .

II. Alarmed at this second murder, which he did not expect, Major Kascambo seeing his servant advancing towards the boy's room, placed himself resolutely before him to stop him. 'Where are you going, wretched man?' he gasped. 'Could you be so cruel as to sacrifice this boy who has shown me such constant kindness? If you delivered me at this price, neither your devotion to me nor your services could save you when in Russia.' 'When in Russia you will do what you like,' Ivan retorted, 'but here, we must make an end of it. This child may give the alarm, and then it is all over with us.' The major collecting all his strength seized him by the collar as he endeavoured to force his way on; 'Stop!' cried Kascambo, whose grasp Ivan was in vain trying to escape, 'before you commit this crime, let me die myself.'

But after they had wrestled together for a few minutes, the major's strength failed him and he fell heavily to the ground, faint with exhaustion and horror. As he struggled to his feet; 'Ivan,' he cried, 'in the name of God! do not kill him!' He rushed to help the boy as soon as he had strength; when near the door, in the darkness, he ran up against Ivan, who was returning:— 'Master, all is over; let us lose no time; make no noise. What is done is done; what I did I had to do. Until we are free any man I meet dies, or else he kills me.' At the same time he lit a candle and helped the major out of their prison.

(Translated from X. DE MAISTRE.)

26.*—MURAD THE UNLUCKY.

Curiosity was strongly expressed by the Sultan; and the hope of obtaining sympathy inclined Murad to gratify it by the recital of his adventures. 'Gentlemen,' he said; 'I scarcely dare invite you into the house of such an unhappy being as I am; but if you will venture to take a night's lodging under my roof, you shall hear at your leisure the story of my misfortunes.'

The Sultan and the Vizier excused themselves from spending the night with Murad, saying that they were obliged to proceed to their Khan, where they would be expected by their companions; but they begged him to relate the history of his life, if it would not renew his grief too much to recollect his misfortunes.

As soon as the pretended merchants had seated themselves, Murad began his story in the following manner :—

‘My father was a merchant of this city. The night before I was born, he dreamed that I came into the world with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon; and that, eager to conceal my deformity, he rolled me up in a piece of linen, which unluckily proved to be the Grand Seignior’s turban, who, enraged at his insolence in touching his turban, commanded that his head should be struck off.’

‘My father awoke before he lost his head, but not before he had half lost his wits from the terror of his dream. Being a firm believer in predestination, he was persuaded that I should be the cause of some great evil to him, and he took an aversion to me even before I was born. He considered his dream as a warning sent from above, and consequently determined to avoid the sight of me. He would not stay to see whether I should really be born with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon, but he set out the next morning on a voyage to Aleppo.’

27.*—MURAD AND THE BAKER.

Hunger soon compelled me to think of some immediate mode of obtaining relief. I sat down upon a stone, before the door of a baker’s shop; the smell of hot bread tempted me in, and with a feeble voice I asked for charity. The master baker gave me as much bread as I could eat, upon condition that I should change dresses with him, and carry the rolls for him through the city this day. To this I readily consented; but I had reason to repent of my compliance. Indeed, if my ill luck had not, as usual, deprived me at the critical moment of memory and judgment, I should never have complied with the baker’s treacherous proposal. For some time before, the people of Constantinople had been much dissatisfied with the weight and quality of the bread provided by the bakers. This species of discontent has always been the sure forerunner of an insurrection; and in these disturbances the master bakers frequently lose their lives. All these circumstances I knew; but they did not occur to my memory when they might have been useful.

I changed dresses with the baker; but scarcely had I proceeded through the adjoining street with my rolls before the mob began to gather round me with reproaches and execrations. The crowd pursued me even to the gates of the Grand Seignior’s palace; and the Grand Vizier, alarmed at their violence, sent out an order to have my head struck off; the usual remedy, in such cases, being to strike off the baker’s head. I now fell upon my knees and protested that I was not the baker for whom they took me; that I had no connection with him; and that I had never provided the people of Constantinople with bread that was not good weight. I

declared that I had merely changed clothes with a master baker for this one day ; and that I should not have done so but for the evil destiny which governs all my actions. Some of the mob exclaimed that I deserved to lose my head for my folly ; but others took pity on me, and whilst the officer, who was sent to execute the Vizier's order, turned to speak to some of the noisy rioters, those who were touched by my misfortunes opened a passage for me through the crowd, and, thus favoured, I effected my escape.

(JULES FESTU.) ⁽¹⁾

28.*—THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI (1891).

I. For eight months the struggle had continued throughout the Chilian territory that extends in length from Peru to Tierra del Fuego, but is confined between the Andes and the Pacific. Amid sudden turns of fortune and strange episodes upon land and sea, it had been carried on by two hostile parties. In one camp there was a president, Balmaceda, who made light of the constitution and the laws, and enjoyed dictatorial control over the forces and resources of the land ; on the other side a party had formed and risen in arms, under the name of 'Congressionalists,' rallying under their standard members of the parliament and men of all opinions, all indeed who desired to resist the dictatorship. Balmaceda remained at the seat of government, in Santiago ; the insurgents had established their headquarters in the North at Iquique, in which they had completed their organization.

Although for eight months there had been bloody encounters and even desperate naval fights, the struggle between adversaries separated by such vast distances might have been indefinitely prolonged, when the insurrection recently decided to seek its enemy round the walls of Valparaiso, where Balmaceda was apparently concentrating his forces.

II. So the Congressionalist army, under the command of General del Canto, landed near Valparaiso, with the result that it required nothing short of five or six days' fighting to decide the victory in favour of the insurgents. The defeat of the President's army involved the fall of Valparaiso, which in its turn entailed the break-up of the dictator's government and the capture of Santiago, the capital of Chili.

To-day, Balmaceda has disappeared, and the Congressionalists are masters of all. The sword has given its verdict ; now the political work begins. Henceforth the question is what the conquerors will do to restore regular and legal order, and make up for the disasters of a long civil war which leaves to Chili a dangerous inheritance of ruin and anarchy.

(Translated from the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.)

⁽¹⁾ "The French Construction" (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

29.*—ON SIMPLICITY (LETTER).

Voltaire to Mr. de Cideville.

26th Nov. 1733.

For the last five days, my dear friend, I have been dangerously ill; I haven't the strength either to think or write. I have just received your letter and the first part of your 'Allegory.' In the name of Apollo, do not go beyond your first subject; don't smother it under a mass of foreign flowers; let your meaning be clearly seen; too much brilliance often detracts from clearness. If I might venture to give you a word of advice it would be this: make simplicity your object, order your work in a manner perfectly natural and perfectly clear, which demands no strained attention from the mind of your reader. Don't attempt to be brilliant, but paint with the brush of truth, and your work will be delightful. It appears to me that you have some difficulty in restraining the crowd of bright ideas which are ever present in your mind; 'tis the fault of a man of parts; you can have no others; but 'tis a fault of the most dangerous kind. What matters it to me whether the child be spoilt by over-fondling or by over-beating? Consider you are killing your offspring by caressing it too much. Another time more simplicity, please; less craving for effect. Go straight to your point without saying more than necessary. You will still have more brilliance than others, even after you have cut away your superfluity. Good-bye, I am too ill to pen more.
(Translated from VOLTAIRE.)

30.*—RICHELIEU.

As soon as he had become a minister, none could but recognise him as a leader of men; in council he ruled by the superiority of his views, his vast erudition, his fluent, clear, luminous language, and especially his strength of purpose. La Vieuville soon had to hand in his resignation, and Richelieu, though he had not the title of prime minister, was henceforth the real leader of the council, (August, 1624). Until his death in 1642, *he* reigned; but his life was henceforward to be a perpetual struggle. Louis the XIIIth., weak and suspicious, hard-hearted and cold, of sound judgment but narrow-minded, understood the greatness of Cardinal Richelieu's ideas, but never liked him. Always discontented and trembling, he allowed himself to be led and subjugated by the force of his minister's intellect and character; he sacrificed his relatives, friends, courtiers, his personal prejudices, and his private dislikes to the honour and interest of his kingdom. But to the very last, the Cardinal could never feel assured of his victory over the diseased and refractory spirit of the monarch, who was ever kicking against the pricks. Against him Richelieu soon had the Queen Mother, the young Queen, and especially the King's brother, Gaston d'Orléans, 'who,' de Retz says, 'was the one man in the world who liked best

the beginning of all things, but whose whole life was tainted by weakness.' Therefore the minister could say that 'The four square feet of the King's closet gave him more trouble and anxiety than all the cabinets of Europe.'

31.*—RICHELIEU AND DUELS.

It was estimated that more than eight thousand letters of pardon were granted in less than twenty years to noblemen who had killed others in single combat. Henry the IVth. had vainly forbidden duels, under pain of death; prejudice and aristocratic want of discipline defied the severity of the law. Cardinal Richelieu thought an example was necessary. Upon this occasion he said to King Louis the XIIIth.: 'The question lies between killing the duels and killing your Majesty's edicts.'

Montmorency-Bouteville and Count de Chapelles had dared fight in broad daylight in the Place Royale, before the very house inhabited by Richelieu; these 'illustrious gladiators' were arrested, condemned by the 'Parlement,' and executed on the 21st of June, 1627.

Vainly had the highest of the nobility pleaded for their lives. Never had such noble blood flowed for a fault deemed so slight by the aristocracy. They felt they were themselves threatened, and redoubled their hatred of the formidable minister. But Richelieu rightly said: 'It is an iniquitous thing to wish to make an example by the punishment of the petty folk, that are trees that bear no shadow. As the great, acting well, should be treated well; so too it is they above all who should be kept in obedience.'

32.—THE HUT IN THE SNOW.

I had got up, and softly, on tiptoe, had been as far as the door, to see what was happening outside. The snow had covered everything, the grass, the bushes, the saplings, and the trees; as far as could be seen there stretched one irregular, though uniformly white, expanse; the sky was studded with glittering stars, but bright though they sparkled, it was from the snow that arose the dim light that illumined the landscape. It had turned colder again, and must have been freezing out of doors; for the air which came into our hut was icy cold. In the dismal silence of the night an occasional crackling was to be heard, which showed the surface of the snow was setting. We had indeed been very fortunate to come across this hut; what would have become of us in the middle of the forest, in the snow and the cold?

I still remained a few moments looking at the snow; at last I went back to the fire, and having put on it two or three pieces of wood crossed one above the other, I thought I could sit down without danger on the stone which I had used as a pillow. *

(Translated from HECTOR MALOT.)

33.*—EPISODE OF THE 'FRONDE' (1651).

A riotous band urged on by Cardinal de Retz, surrounded the Palais-Royal for several days, to intimidate the Queen. One night they even entered the royal apartments. Ann of Austria showed them to the bed of the young king who pretended to be asleep, and she perceived from the demonstrations of respect and affection of her unruly visitors that Cardinal Mazarin was the only object of their animosity. Mazarin understood he was no longer safe, and on the evening of February 6th he left Paris and retired to St. Germain. The Queen was requested by the 'Parlement' never to recall him, and the fallen minister was ordered to leave France within a fortnight, if he did not wish extraordinary measures to be taken against him.

In vain did the Queen endeavour to join him. The Parisians in arms prevented her leaving the capital. As for Mazarin, he dejectedly went and freed his prisoners at Havre on the 13th, and thence proceeded to Germany. A year however had not elapsed before the Cardinal appeared on the frontier, followed by seven thousand men levied at his own expense, and, supported by the Queen, fought his way through the troops of the Fronde though led by the great Condé, into Paris.

34.*—LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH (1648-1715).

I. When Mazarin had died, in 1661, the ministers came to King Louis and asked him whom they should apply to in the future. Louis the XIVth. answered them: 'To me!' The Minister of War, old Le Tellier, was astounded, and the Queen Mother, to whom he repeated the words, laughed at him.

Louis the XIVth. was then twenty-three, and the education he had received was not such as to develop in him any great ability. Mazarin had first entrusted him to the care of a valet named Laporte, who has given in his interesting memoirs some curious details. The child was shockingly neglected, probably in spite of his mother; for later on Louis the XIVth. was seen to show the old queen deep attachment. No money was ever given him. Laporte tried to teach him French history, and read Mézeray to him: Mazarin was enraged and dismissed him.

II. Hardouin de Beaumont de Péréfixe, a Poitevin nobleman and bishop of Rodez, afterwards made Archbishop of Paris in 1684, was his next tutor, and did not teach him much more than reading by the time he was fifteen. Louis read nothing or next to nothing, and must have had some trouble in understanding one of his courtiers who said to him: 'What your partridges do to my cheeks, reading does to my soul.' On the other hand he excelled in all sports, fencing, dancing, and riding; and acting he much enjoyed.

He was nevertheless the sovereign in Europe who towered over the XVIIth. century, a century that has been rightly called 'The Century of Louis the Fourteenth.'

35.*—DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND (NOV. 8TH, 1793).

The day upon which she was condemned, Madame Roland had dressed in white and with the greatest care; her long black hair fell loosely down to her waist. She would have melted the hearts of the fiercest; but had these monsters any? Besides she did not expect them to show pity, and hoped that they would show none. She had chosen this dress as a symbol of the purity of her soul. After her verdict had been pronounced, she re-entered the prison with an alacrity which looked almost like joy. She indicated by a significant gesture that she was condemned to death. In the fatal cart, whilst chained to a man whom the same fate awaited but whose courage was not equal to hers, she succeeded in inspiring him with some, by a gaiety so sweet and so natural that she brought a smile upon his lips several times. At the place of execution, whilst bowing before the statue of Liberty she pronounced the memorable words: 'O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!'

36.—NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

'Buy the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Post*,' cry ragged children in shrill nasal tones. Every traveller who comes to New York must get used to this pitiless refrain. Should a tramcar happen to pass, one of these business manikins boards the platform, and in spite of the conductor's injunctions, glides with the suppleness of an eel between the rows of seats on which the passengers are settled. If the news is interesting, the papers of the day sell as if by magic, and the youthful vendor, who occasionally has not completed his seventh year, pockets the money and returns the change with the faultless dexterity of an experienced cashier. It is fascinating to watch this mixture of candour and shrewdness, of childish simplicity and of subtle diplomacy; you feel tempted to question this precocious trader on the profits he derives from his occupation, but he has already disappeared. Another car was passing in an opposite direction, and he jumped on to the platform with a nimbleness that would have done credit to a professional acrobat.

In the large French towns there are but few callings which children can follow with any chance of success. In America two careers are to a great extent open to them, viz., selling newspapers and blacking boots. Among us the first of these occupations has been monopolised by grown up men, the second is fast dying out. On the contrary, it is becoming more prosperous every day on the other side of the ocean. American servants consider the task of blacking other people's boots as the most humiliating employment. The diminutive newsboys themselves feel a disdainful pity for those of their old comrades who, for want of sufficient commercial ability, have been compelled to give up selling daily papers and take to boot-blackening. (*Translated from G. LABADIE LAGRAVE.*)

37.—THE HEIRLOOM.

Death suddenly carried away Gardilanne before he had arranged his collection in the museum. The celebrated amateur was one morning found lifeless in his chair, surrounded by the treasures in the midst of which he had unexpectedly passed away. Dalègre, beside himself with excitement, at once set out for Paris, in order to attend his friend's funeral; but as soon as he had alighted from the diligence, he ran to the solicitor's in order to make sure that the violin was mentioned in the testator's will. Gardilanne had kept his word. Henceforth the famous violin would be in the hands of the man whose existence it had wrecked. During the funeral, Dalègre felt a tear rolling down his cheek. It would have required deep study to discover what divers feelings it was composed of; but such things are peculiar substances which chemistry cannot analyse. *(Translated from CHAMPFLEURY.)*

38.**—THE ORPHAN AND HER BENEFACTRESS.

I. You (*plural*) think perhaps that charity is only made with money, and that he who pays has fulfilled his duty. Let each of you remember the widow's mite, and he will see that charity, to please God, should be all heart, all devotion. However poor you (*pl.*) are, you may be charitable; have you not consolations to give, tears to wipe away?

God calls back to him a poor widow; whom did she know who could fill her place? The two uncles take away the two elder children; but what will become of little Mary? She is but three: no relatives, no neighbours will take charge of the child. . . . But a little girl followed by her governess, enters the humble cottage. 'Oh! Madame,' she says, 'nobody wants Mary, leave her to me. I shall be her mother; yes, I shall, by my care and love. These good (*bon*) people who have to be very careful of their money adopt poor orphans, and should not I? *They* are charitable, should not I be so too?'

II. 'Is it not you (1) who tell me every day: 'Dear child, this money is not all for you (2), give part of it to the poor; you don't possess wealth in order to satisfy vain caprices; you should use it to do good.' 'You accuse me,' the girl continued, 'of being lazy; I shall be so no longer, I promise you; I shall bring up my little protégée; I shall be very good, so that little Mary should be so in her turn.'

The governess yields to this touching appeal; the girl's parents try at first, in order to test her, to turn her from such generous devotion; but the child renews her prayers and promises; her parents give way in their turn.

(1) Little girl to governess: the 2nd pers. *plur.*

(2) Governess to little girl: the 2nd pers. *sing.*

From that day, the child has grown more industrious than she had ever been before. 'How could I help being so,' she would say, 'if I am Mary's mother? and so I am, by the promise that I renew each day to set her the example of every virtue.'

39.—AN OLD VENDEAN NOBLEMAN.

The Count's apprehensions, though exaggerated, were less wild than one might have thought. There came a day when the air rang as with a loud peal of thunder: the land of Vendée shuddered, the woods were filled with ominous sounds, the rusty swords quivered in their scabbards. The old Count broke his; he had no more blood to give; besides, from the way in which events had just occurred, he had from the first understood that the struggle was senseless, resistance vain, and success impossible.

He was not seen to take part in the agitation that then took place: he repressed the last stirring of his blood that longed to be shed, and, locking himself up in his grief, he complained to God alone for having allowed him to live so long to witness so great a disaster. Whatever green freshness and sap remained in him withered, as in the boughs of an uprooted tree. In less than a day, in less than an hour, with the fatal news all his years fell upon him and weighed down his hoary head. He sank into a gloomy melancholy that nothing could shake.

(Translated from JULES SANDEAU.)

40.—MACAULAY (1800-1859).

This admiration, Lord Macaulay earned by the nobleness of his conduct as well as by the splendour of his talents. He ever acted in conformity with his thoughts, and the firm principles of his lofty mind constantly guided the noble deeds of his irreproachable life. A faithful and judicious supporter of that liberty which he demanded for all, a persistent and inflexible defender of that justice which he desired in every form, and a generous friend of mankind, in which he interested himself in all its conditions, neither in parliament as an orator, nor in India as a legislator, nor in the government councils as a minister, did he for one moment betray justice, or in any juncture lose sight of equity, or, under any pretence, sacrifice honour to interest. His speeches as well as his acts, his constant thoughts as well as his whole life testify to the nobility of his character and the loftiness of his mind. As a man he possessed great charms, as a writer admirable gifts, and as a historian he might still, had he lived, be giving noble books to his country and to the world. All disappeared prematurely on that sad December night, but of Macaulay there remain his imperishable works and an immortal name.

(Translated from MIGNET.)

41.—BUSY PARIS.

I am passionately fond of Paris ; I could not live elsewhere ; but whenever I have been absent for any length of time from this charming and terrible city, I have always required at least two days to grow accustomed to it again. I had sojourned for more than a month in Champagne. There, amid the vines and the woods, in the calm of the fields, beneath the vast heavens which spread their peace over the earth and upon mankind, I easily persuaded myself that the sole serious responsibilities of life are the joys, sorrows, and fancies of the heart. As soon as I had seen Paris and its greasy pavements again, heard its noise and breathed its air, I was at once undeceived. Walking along the rue Médicis, I found stationed before my door a costerwoman's handbarrow ; the owner was expatiating upon the merits of the soles and mackerel she was selling. It seemed to me that this stout red-faced woman, with her harsh cracked voice, was shouting to me as loud as she could : ' People do not come here to dream ; you should only use your imagination to promote your interests ; and your important interest, your one business in life, is to push and succeed.' (*Translated from* VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.)

42.—AN UNEXPECTED SHOWER.

The sky was clear ; only one white frail cloud, wafted by a listless breeze, was making its way towards the city. Suddenly other mists joined the solitary flake, and, before long, a dense curtain of clouds had spread its black folds over the castle of St. Elmo. Great drops fell upon the lava pavement, and in a few minutes changed into one of those deluging showers which make the streets of Naples like so many torrents and suck down dogs and even asses into the drains. The crowd broke up in astonishment, seeking shelter for themselves ; the open-air stalls packed off, not without losing a portion of their wares, and the rain, left sole master of the field of battle, ran in white sheets over the deserted quay of Santa-Lucia. (*Translated from* THÉOPH. GAUTIER.)

43.*—MARACKZY.

The ship was slowly gliding out, as if she carried with regret her melancholy burden. Upon the deck the crew were motionless and silent. At the end of the pier, the idle crowd that had collected bared their heads as she passed. The sea was as smooth as glass ; it seemed to have calmed down in order to rock Maud more gently in her last sleep.

As soon as the yacht had crossed the bar, a boat appeared in her very wake, and made for the open sea. In it were two men only : the first was a fisherman who was rowing vigorously, for it was evident that there was not a breath of wind

to fill the sail ; as for the other, he was a passenger clad in black, seated in the bows, with his head resting upon his hand. Before he had passed, the throng gathered at the foot of the lighthouse had recognised him : 'Marackzy !' A second time, as before a second funeral, they respectfully raised their hats.

(Translated from GEORGES OHNET.)

44.*—SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE (1627-1628).

I. As soon as Buckingham had been forced from the coast, Cardinal Richelieu undertook the siege of La Rochelle, one of the Huguenots' fastnesses, that had just joined England. The town was strong, and its people proud of their old liberties, their bold corsairs, and their glorious resistance to eight kings. But the town was blockaded by a large army led by the King himself and his minister. The resistance was heroic ; the population had put at their head a gallant captain of corsairs, hardy Guiton. When pressed to accept the mayoralty : 'I accept,' he said, 'but on condition that I plunge this dagger in the heart of the first to propose surrender ; let it be used on myself if ever I think of capitulating !' Guiton's dagger remained upon the table of the council chamber during the whole siege.

Cardinal Richelieu too was indefatigable ; the town was cut off from the land by works of circumvallation nine miles long ; to isolate it from the sea, he threw up the famous dam that recalled Alexander's mole at Tyre. It was more than sixteen hundred metres in length and was to close the harbour against English assistance. With a Quintus Curtius in his hand, the Cardinal encouraged the workmen ; the highest of the aristocracy were made to obey, though many could repeat the witticism of Marshal Bassompierre : 'We shall be so mad as to take La Rochelle.'

II. When King Louis the XIIIth. had wearied of the protracted length of the siege, he returned to Paris, leaving Cardinal Richelieu invested with the most extensive powers. Twice the English were repulsed when endeavouring to force the dam. Meanwhile famine played havoc in La Rochelle ; Guiton never swerved ; he was shown inhabitants dying of hunger ; 'We shall all have to come to that predicament,' he would merely answer ; 'it is enough that a man remains to close the gates ;' adding that he was ready, if necessary, to draw lots with anybody they chose, as to who should eat the other.

Nevertheless, they had to surrender on October 28th, 1628. All that were left now were but 'shadows of living men' ; the streets were obstructed with dead bodies people no longer had the spirit to bury. Guiton was humbled into presenting Louis the XIIIth. with the keys of the town, and Richelieu celebrated high mass in the cathedral now restored to Roman Catholic worship. Out of a

population of more than thirty thousand, barely five thousand remained; they were left their property and the free practice of their religion; but their walls were razed to the ground; the city was deprived of its municipal liberties; it never recovered from the terrible blow.

45.**—MR. TWIGG AND THE DOG.

It was evident to Mr. Twigg when he had for one moment gazed round the rubbish-filled yard that there was plenty to do, and he took off his coat and vest and put them on the kennel, with a stern admonition to the dog to watch them. Later on, when he had finished his day's work, he relaxed his stern address and called the animal all the pet names he could think of, to make him give up the garments which he had taken into the kennel and was using as a bed. He was so nice that Augustus put his head out of the kennel and gratefully licked his hand. Then hopefully, Mr. Twigg redoubled his attentions, and the animal, who was far from clean, lay on his back on the clothes and kicked with joy, and to show that he knew how to appreciate kindness, tore off a piece of the coat and laid it at his feet. Then Mr. Twigg stooped down and patted him on the head with the pickaxe, and the suddenly enlightened animal, after biting him severely for his hypocrisy, retired to bed with a bad headache.

46.—LIFE IN THIBET.

The people of the valleys are more or less idle gossips, disliking work intensely. The men do no work in the fields except ploughing, and few who can afford to pay another to do it for them will do even that much. When not in repose—*i.e.* when not absolutely doing nothing—the men are occupied in sewing, spinning, looking after the mules, horses, and cattle, but above all in attending to the petty business of the family. The women sow, irrigate, weed, cut the harvest, thrash, winnow, carry the grain to the granary, and do all the household work as well. If there are burdens to be carried, the women carry them. If a man be asked to carry a big case or heavy load, he is certain, on seeing it, to say at once, 'That! That's a woman's job!' and for his own share he will take the smallest piece of baggage he can find. In the pastures, the women milk, make the butter, and look after the flocks when these are grazing near the tents or encampment. The men watch the flocks when grazing at a distance. The women ride as well as the men, and in the same fashion.

47.—RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALPES MARITIMES.

At seven o'clock in the evening of the ninth of March, the lightning-express is whirling us on towards Nice. It is half-past

nine in the morning when we reach Marseilles. For the first time in my life, I behold the sea. Under a glorious sun, it appears before me in all its majestic and serene beauty, and from Marseilles to Nice we skirt its lovely shores. I can hardly tear my eyes away from this Mediterranean beside whose sapphire-blue the azure of the sky—of the southern sky—grows pale! In the middle of the bay, Nice comes into sight. Fair and queenly, girdled with mountains, she stretches towards the waters that lie at her feet.

Here, in the gardens, the hues of spring and autumn everywhere blend in wondrous gradation and harmony. Palms, bamboos, conifers of all kinds spread before me every shade of colour, ranging here from pale gold to bronzy, there from light to darkest green. With their white, red, or brown cones, the firs recall Christmas-trees to my mind. The eucalyptus extends its umbels of yellow flowers. The orange-tree bends under the weight of its golden fruit. Now and then, the olive-tree casts upon this gorgeous colouring the greyish tints of its delicate foliage.

Let us break off our walk in the gardens and pay a visit to the Franciscan monastery at Cimiez. What a horizon stretches around the sanctuary and the terrace in front! North, East, and West, the girdle of mountains that surround Nice; away in the distance, snow-covered peaks, and to the South, Nice and the boundless sea. Here, where nature is so bright, so sunny, where everything breathes life and joy, I inwardly say to myself: 'Happy, happy peoples of the South!'

(Translated from CLARISSE BADER.)

48.—AWAKENING OF AN UNDERMASTER.

It was the month of May of 1818, a very warm and forward year. The snow had begun to melt in March, and for some time there had been none left. From my little window I saw through the sprigs of ivy that everything on the hill was growing green again. The broom with its golden blossom, and the rose-coloured heath, stretched along under the rocks, where the bilberry, the bramble, and the woodbine climbed in profusion. Every morning I awoke at cock-crow, before daybreak, and throwing open my little casement, with my elbows on the roof, I gazed with admiration at the great woods bathed in the blue of the valley. I listened to the blackbirds, the thrushes, the goldfinches, and the whitethroats, singing aloud in the distance in the blossoming cherry-trees, in the great white apple-trees, under the arching oaks, and the dark boughs of the fir. They built their nests and rejoiced. Never had I felt more happy. That delightful morning freshness which precedes the dawn, thrilled me with enthusiasm; and, but for the fear of disturbing dame Hulot who was telling her beads, I should have sung the *Te Deum laudamus*.

49.—AVIGNON.

Whoever has not seen the Avignon of the time of the Popes, has seen nothing. For brightness, life, bustle, and whirl of gaiety, there never was such a town: from morning to night there were processions and pilgrimages; the streets were strewn with flowers and hung with old tapestry; cardinals arrived by the Rhône with banners flying, in gaily decked galleys; the Pope's soldiers sang Latin in the squares, and the mendicant friars rattled their rattles; and then, from top to bottom, in the houses that nestled and hummed round the great papal palace like bees round their hive, the lace-looms ticked, the shuttles flew to and fro weaving the golden chasubles, the goldsmiths' hammers rang. And over it all the great bells pealed, and by the bridge resounded the timbrels' ceaseless din. . . . Oh, what happy times! what a happy town! halberds that had no edge, state-prisons where wine was put to cool! Never a famine, never a war!

(Translated from ALPH. DAUDET.)

50.—NARES ON BURLEIGH.

The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying that it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now three-score years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

(MACAULAY.)

51.—ASSURANCE.

I take assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, and above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and duty. An open assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the censures of ignorance or malice.

(ADDISON.)

52.**—EARTHQUAKE IN SALVADOR.

Upon that day, September 10th, 1891, a most terrible earthquake shook the San Salvador Republic; thousands of lives were lost and the material damage was valued at millions of dollars. Whole towns were destroyed, and very few, save along the coast, escaped the awful effects of the convulsion.

There had been for several days indications that seismic disturbances might be expected; the volcanoes had been more than usually active, and deep subterranean rumblings heard. However, although there was a feeling of uneasiness in the capital, most went quietly to bed.

At five minutes to two in the morning, the earth began to shake. Most of the population immediately rushed into the streets; although the shock only lasted twenty seconds, yet, before it had passed away, a panic-stricken mob were making their way to the open country, while a confused mass of men, women, and children were shrieking and praying in the streets. The earth rose and fell in long waves, the walls of a thousand houses cracked, then tottered and fell; even strong men could not keep their feet.

As soon as the disturbance had ceased, the republican government ordered hundreds of temporary shelters to be thrown up, outside the city, but more than two thousand unhappy people had only the sky for a cover. Though advised and begged to return, most would not for many days be persuaded to re-enter their houses. Two towns were completely destroyed, whilst four were so badly shaken that they are practically ruined. It is impossible to describe the sufferings of the stricken land.

53.—NIGHT TRAVELLING IN SERVIA.

We had ridden on for some two or three hours, the stir and bustle of our commencing journey had ceased, the liveliness of our little troop had worn off with the declining day, and the night closed in soon after we had entered the great Servian forest.

Through this, our road was to last for more than a hundred miles. Endless, and endless now on either side, the tall oaks closed in their ranks, and stood gloomily lowering over us, as grim as an army of giants with a thousand years' pay in arrear. One strove with listening ear, to catch some tidings of that Forest World within—some stirring of beasts, some night bird's scream—but all was quite hushed, except the voice of the cicadas that peopled every bough, and filled the depth of the forest through and through, with one same hum everlasting—more stilling than very silence.
(KINGLAKE, *Eothen*.)

54.*—FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES OF WURTEMBERG (OCT. 9TH, 1891).

I. The funeral of the late King Charles took place at Stuttgart with the simplicity prescribed in the directions left by

the late monarch. At half-past eight o'clock a company of the Grenadier regiment proceeded, with their band and colours, to the royal castle in order that they should mount guard before the main entrance, above which, in what was called the marble room, the late king's remains had been lying in state. The coffin was covered with a red velvet cloth with gold borders. At its head a royal crown, sceptre and sword, resting on a cushion covered in gold brocade, were deposited, and at the foot, on black tabourets, the insignia of the departed king's orders. At ten o'clock a service was held before the catafalco, which was attended by the members of the royal family, deputations, and other distinguished personages.

II. At the close of the service, the remains were lifted off the catafalco to the funeral car. The cortège at once started amid the tolling of all the church bells, which continued until the procession arrived at the castle chapel. In the course of the religious service that followed, a sermon was preached by Dr. Schmidt, the chief Court Chaplain. He reviewed the late king's life in words that brought tears to the eyes of many of the mourners. As soon as he had ended his address, the coffin was lowered into the vault amid the strains of a magnificent choir and a salute of artillery from a height near the city. After this ceremony had been performed, King William, accompanied by the royal princes, entered the vault, where the remains were blessed by the Chaplain. The mourners then returned to the chapel, and the service was brought to a close with a prayer in which all most fervently and devoutly joined.

55.*—DEATH OF BALMACEDA, EX-PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

Ex-president Balmaceda brought his career to a dramatic close on Saturday, September 12th, 1891, by shooting himself in the Argentine Legation at Santiago. The fate and fortunes of the fugitive Dictator of the Chilian State had been described and discussed in rumours as circumstantial in their details as they were conjectural in their origin: he had taken refuge in a monastery; he was wandering with a few faithful adherents in the snows of the Andes; he had disguised himself as a drunken sailor, and was comfortably embarked on a United States man-of-war. His actual proceedings appear to have been more natural and less adventurous.

At the end of last month, immediately after his army had suffered a crushing defeat and Valparaiso had been captured by the Insurgents, he made his way back to the capital, then on the point of going over to his adversaries; after spending three or four days in trying to make his escape from the country, he took sanctuary in the Argentine Legation. Here he was staying while the hue and cry was raised against him, and while the store of silver

he had rescued from the triumphant Junta was being conveyed to London.

Some of his most devoted friends had begun to speak of his throwing himself upon the mercy of the Congressionalists and standing the risk of such trial as they would accord him. An offer is said to have been made to him by the Junta (who knew of his presence in the capital) to give him a fair trial; but his confidence in martial law was not strong enough, and his conscience perhaps was not clear enough, to permit him to entertain any thought of surrender. After an anxious colloquy with his most trusted advisers, which lasted until midnight on Friday, he took counsel with himself, and at the first break of dawn he had baulked his enemies of their revenge, and perhaps done justice on himself, by committing suicide.

56.*—DINING OUT IN THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

'A man must have a very good opinion of himself when he asks people to leave their own fireside, and encounter such a day as this, for the sake of coming to see him. He must think himself a very agreeable fellow. I could not do such a thing. It is the greatest absurdity; it is actually snowing at this moment! The folly of not allowing people to be comfortable at home when they can! If we were obliged to go out on such an evening as this, by any call of duty or business, what a hardship we should find it! and here are we, probably with rather thinner clothing than usual, setting forward voluntarily, without excuse, in defiance of the voice of nature, to spend five dull hours in another man's house with nothing to say or to hear that was not said and heard yesterday, and may not be said and heard again to-morrow!'

(JANE AUSTEN.)

57.—BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In judging the French Revolution from its effects, which, however, may still be said to be in progress, one must on the whole pronounce it to have been beneficial. It delivered France from an arbitrary and unbounded royal prerogative, from an intolerant Church and a tyrannical feudal nobility; and it welded the previously ill-cemented provinces into one compact and powerful body; in short, into the present French nation. It will hardly be disputed that France of the present day is an incomparably greater and more powerful State than it ever was under the ancient dynasty.

Notwithstanding the vast effects of the French Revolution on the material condition of Europe, its moral influence does not appear to have been permanent. In the latter respect it is far behind the Reformation. Had the Revolution been successful, had it established a democratic republic or even a stable con-

stitutional monarchy, its moral effects would have been incalculable. France would have become the model country of Europe and perhaps the foster-mother of a universal democracy; as it is, her example offers rather warning than encouragement.

(From T. H. DYER.)

58.—THE INCA'S REPLY.

There is no doubt that the Inca comprehended that the drift of this discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another. Therefore his eyes flashed fire, and his brow grew darker, as he replied, 'I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope, of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity:—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

(PRESCOTT.)

59.*—MUTINY ON BOARD A GREEK VESSEL.

I. The captain hoped that, by holding on his course for half an hour, he would get the ship under the lee of the island and bring her in smooth waters; but the wind had been gradually freshening; it was now very strong, and there was a heavy sea running.

As soon as grounds for alarm had risen, the crew gathered together in one close group; they stood pale and grim under their hooded capotes like monks awaiting a massacre, anxiously looking by turns along the pathway of the storm, and then upon each other, and then upon the eye of the captain who stood by the helmsman. Presently the Hydriot came aft, the bearer of fierce remonstrance against the continuing of the struggle; he was given a resolute answer, and still the ship held on her course. Soon there came a heavy sea that caught the bow of the brigantine as she lay jammed in betwixt the waves; after bowing her head low under the waters she shuddered through all her timbers, then gallantly stood up again over the striving sea, with bowsprit entire. But where were the crew?

It was a crew no longer, but rather a gathering of Greek citizens; the shout of the seamen had subsided in the murmuring of the people, the spirit of the old Demos was alive. In a few moments they had talked themselves into a rage; they came aft in a body.

II. The storm, the crew said, was no longer to be tempted. Now then for speeches:—The captain, his eyes flashing fire, his frame all quivering with emotion, wielding his every limb, poured forth the eloquent torrent of his threats, and his reasons, his commands, and his prayers; he promised, he vowed, he swore there was safety in holding on—safety ‘if Greeks will be brave.’

The mob heard and were moved; but the gale roused itself once more, and again the raging sea came trampling over the timbers that were the life of all. Fiercely the Hydriot advanced one step nearer to the captain, and the angry growl of the crowd went floating down the wind; but they listened—they wavered once more, and once more resolved, then wavered again, thus doubtfully hanging between the terrors of the storm and the persuasion of glorious speech, as though it were the great Athenian that talked, and Philip of Macedon that thundered on the weather bow.

Brave thoughts winged on Grecian words gained their natural mastery over terror; the brigantine held on her course and reached smooth water at last.

(From KINGLAKE, *Eothen*.)

60.*—NAPOLEON AND THE RED SEA.

Napoleon, when at Suez, made an attempt to follow the supposed steps of Moses, by passing the creek eighteen miles south-east of the town. But that he and his horsemen managed the matter in a way more resembling the failure of the Egyptians than the success of the Israelites, seems to be the testimony of the people at Suez.

According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty by that warrior-like presence of mind which served him so well when the fate of whole nations depended on the decision of a moment; he ordered his cavalry to disperse in all directions and bade them return as soon as they found shallow water. They succeeded and he was thus enabled to discover a line by which the army were extricated.

The people of Suez tell a somewhat different tale; they declare that Napoleon parted from his horse, got thoroughly submerged, and was only fished out by the assistance of the people on shore.

(KINGLAKE, *Eothen*.)

C.—DIFFICULT.

61.—CURIO-HUNTERS' WILES.

'Sisters of Mercy are of a better disposition. Saved by their profession from the vanities of this world, they know nothing of the tortures experienced by curio-hunters; had they any knowledge of them they would hasten to alleviate them. However, it is better to effect an entrance into their laboratories as if by chance: you can have hurt yourself while out shooting, ricked your back, or sprained your ankle. A mere scratch will get you into the hospital. A pain in the back, a sprain in the foot can be conjured up if required. You limp up to the door, you knock; you are taken to the dispensary. All Sisters of Mercy have remedies for these trifles. There you are in the heart of the stronghold! Now, mind! if there is no china, your sprain disappears instantly. Should the sideboard be laden with decorative bottles, your swelling gets worse. You settle in the dispensary; you are taken care of, and with the remedy you carry off the bottle it is contained in.'

(Translated from CHAMPFLEURY.)

62.—LAUD.

The severest punishment which the two Houses could have inflicted on him would have been to set him at liberty and send him to Oxford. There he might have stayed, tortured by his own diabolical temper, hungering for puritans to pillory and mangle, plaguing the cavaliers, for want of somebody else to plague, with his peevishness and absurdity, performing grimaces and antics in the cathedral, continuing that incomparable diary, which we never see without forgetting the vices of his heart in the imbecility of his intellect, minuting down his dreams, counting the drops of blood which fell from his nose, watching the direction of the salt, and listening for the note of the screech-owls. Contemptuous mercy was the only vengeance which it became the Parliament to take on such a ridiculous old bigot.

(MACAULAY.)

63.—COUNT ALTAVILLA'S DEATH.

Suddenly the two blindfolded adversaries felt they had got free. Paul's stiletto had cut the scarf that bound them. 'Truce!' the Neapolitan cried; 'we have lost hold of one another, the kerchief is cut.' 'Never mind, let us go on,' said Paul. A dead silence ensued. As loyal adversaries, neither Paul nor the Count wished to take advantage of the guidance afforded by each other's words. They took a few steps in order to lose their bearings, and then set to work to find each other again in the darkness. Paul's foot moved a little stone; the slight sound revealed to the Neapolitan, stabbing at random, in what direction he should go. Crouching down the better to spring, the Count leaped with a

tiger's bound and met Paul's stiletto. Paul touched the point of his weapon and felt it wet. . . . Uncertain steps rang heavily upon the flagging; a stifled sigh was heard and a body fell in a mass on the ground. The Count was dead.

(Translated from THÉOPH. GAUTIER.)

64.—THE DRAWING-ROOM READING.

I. '*Appearances. A Drama in Three Acts. Dramatis Personæ. . . .*'

The ladies, getting as close round as they could, drew themselves together with the charming little shiver which is their way of anticipating enjoyment. Danjou read like a genuine 'player' of Picheral's classification, making lengthy pauses while he moistened his lips with his glass of water, and wiped them with a fine cambric handkerchief. As he finished each of the long broad pages scribbled all over with his tiny handwriting, he let it fall carelessly at his feet on the carpet. Each time Madame de Foder, who hunts the 'lions' of all nations, stooped noiselessly, picked up the fallen sheet and placed it reverently on an armchair beside her, exactly square with the sheets before, contriving, in this subtle and delicate way, to take a certain part in the great man's work. It was as if Liszt or Rubinstein had been at the piano and she had been turning over the music. All went well till the end of Act I., an interesting and promising introduction, received with a *furor* of delighted exclamations, rapturous laughter, and enthusiastic applause. After a long pause, in which was audible from the far distance of the park the hum of the insects buzzing about the tree-tops, the reader wiped his moustache, and resumed:

II. '*Act II. The scene represents—*' But his voice was now breaking and growing huskier with every speech. He had just noticed an empty seat among the ladies in the first row; it was Antonia's chair; and his glances strayed over his eye-glass searching the whole huge room. It was full of green plants and screens, behind which the audience had ensconced themselves to hear—or to sleep—undisturbed. At last in one of the numerous and regular intervals provided by his glass of water, he caught a whisper, then a glimpse of a light dress, then, at the far end, on a sofa, he saw the Duchess with Paul beside her, continuing the conversation interrupted on the gallery. To one like Danjou, spoiled with every kind of success, the affront was deadly. But he nerved himself to finish the Act, throwing his pages down on the floor with a violence which made them fly, and sent little Madame de Foder crawling after them on all fours. At the end of the Act, as the whispering still went on, he left off, pretending that he was suddenly taken hoarse, and must defer the rest till the next day. The Duchess, absorbed in the duel, of which she could not hear enough, supposed the play concluded, and cried from the distance, clapping her little hands, 'Bravo, Danjou, the *dénouement* is delightful.'

(Translated from A. DAUDET.)

65.—THE CURIO-HUNTER.

Gardilanne was up every morning at six and partook of a modest meal. Wind, hail, snow or rain, the clerk at the Foreign Office wandered about town for three hours.

He would say he was passionless ! He was passionate to excess, keener than the huntsman, more restless than a lover at his first appointment, more tyrannized than an ambitious man, more feverish than a gambler, with eyes kindling like those of a Corsican watching his foe, as bright as those of an epicure before Chevet's spread of dainties, with hands nearly as convulsive as those of a man whose last card the green baize receives representing for him ruin or fortune.

No passions ! Gardilanne possessed them one and all, welded in one,—the keenest,—the passion of collecting.

(Translated from CHAMPFLEURY.)

66.—COUNTRY FUNERAL.

The Duchess arrived for Sunday's mass, celebrated with great pomp in the Renaissance chapel, where Védérine's versatile talent had restored both the fine stained glass and the wonderful carving of the reredos. A huge crowd from the villages around filled the chapel and overflowed into the great court. Everywhere were awkward fellows in hideous black coats, and long blue blouses shining from the iron, everywhere white caps and kerchiefs stiff with starch round sunburnt necks. All these people were brought together not by the religious ceremony, nor by the honours paid to the old Duke, who was unknown in the district, but by the open-air feast which was to follow the mass. The long tables and benches were arranged on both sides of the long lordly avenue ; and here, after the service, between two and three thousand peasants had no difficulty in finding room. At first there was some constraint ; the guests, overawed by the troop of servants in mourning and the rangers with crape on their caps, spoke in whispers under the shadow of the majestic elms. But as they warmed with the wine and the victuals, the funeral feast grew more lively and ended in a vast merrymaking.

(Translated from A. DAUDET.)

67.—TRUTH.

The old hunter folded his tired hands and lay down by the precipice where he had worked away his life. It was the sleeping time at last. Below him over the valleys rolled the thick white mist. Once it broke ; and through the gap the dying eyes looked down on the trees and fields of their childhood. From afar seemed borne to him the cry of his own wild birds, and he heard the noise of people singing as they danced. And he thought he

heard among them the voices of his old comrades; and he saw far off the sunlight shine on his early home. And great tears gathered in the hunter's eyes.

'Ah! they who die there do not die alone,' he cried.

Then the mists rolled together again; and he turned his eyes away.

'I have sought,' he said, 'for long years I have laboured; but I have not found her. I have not rested, I have not repined, and I have not seen her; now my strength is gone. Where I lie down worn out, other men will stand, young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the stairs that I have built they will mount. They will never know the name of the man who made them. At the clumsy work they will laugh; when the stones roll they will curse me. But they will mount, and on my work; they will climb, and by my stair! They will find her, and through me! And no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.'

The tears rolled from beneath the shrivelled eyelids. If Truth had appeared above him in the clouds now he could not have seen her, the mist of death was in his eyes.

'My soul hears their glad step coming,' he said; 'and they shall mount! they shall mount!' He raised his shrivelled hand to his eyes. Then slowly from the white sky above, through the still air, came something falling, falling, falling. Softly it fluttered down, and dropped on to the breast of the dying man. He felt it with his hands. It was a feather. He died holding it.

(OLIVE SCHREINER.)

68.—LANIBOIRE (CHARACTER SKETCH.)

Laniboire, the philosopher, was devoted to the Duchess. A widower, well on in years, with heavy features and apoplectic complexion, he did his best to captivate his hostess by the display of a manly and sportsmanlike activity which led him into occasional mishaps. One day, in a boat, as he tried to show off his biceps while sculling from the stern, he fell into the river; another time, as he was prancing on horseback at the side of the carriage, his mount squeezed his leg so hard against the wheel that he had to keep his room and be poulticed for several days. But the finest spectacle was to see him in the drawing-room, 'dancing,' as Danjou said, 'before the Ark.' He stretched and bent his unwieldy person in all directions. He would challenge to a philosophic duel the young critic, a confirmed pessimist of three-and-twenty, and overwhelm him with his own imperturbable optimism. Laniboire the philosopher had his reasons for finding life good, nay excellent: his wife had died from diphtheria caught from nursing their children; both his children had died with their mother; and each time that he repeated his dithy-

ramb in praise of existence, the fine fellow would end the exposition of his theories with a sort of practical demonstration, a bow to the Duchess which seemed to say, 'How can a man think ill of life in the presence of such beauty?'

(Translated from A. DAUDET.)

69.*—BOXING.

I. The traveller with the eyeglasses and his groom made their way to the Hotel de Rome, followed by a bevy of lusty porters who tried to look as if they were perspiring and panting under the weight of a hat-box or a light parcel, artlessly hoping for a larger gratuity, while four or five of their comrades, showing in relief muscles as powerful as those of Hercules, pushed along a hand-cart, in which two trunks of small size and moderate weight were tossing. When they had come to the doors of the hotel and the *padron di casa* had pointed out his rooms to the new arrival, the porters, although they had received three times their proper charge, gave themselves up to frenzied gesticulations and language in which threats and supplications were most comically mixed. They all talked at once with alarming volubility, demanding more pay, and swearing by all their gods that they had not been sufficiently remunerated for their trouble.

II. Paddy, left alone to keep them in check—for his master, without taking any notice of the din, had already ascended the staircase—was like a monkey surrounded by a pack of hounds. To allay this hurricane of sound, he tried a little oration in his mother tongue, *i.e.* in English. But his effort met with but little success. Then, clenching his fists and raising his arms to his chest, he took up a most correct boxing attitude, much to the amusement of the porters, and with a straight blow worthy of Adams or Tom Cribb and landed full in the pit of the stomach, he sent the giant of the band sprawling on his back on the lava slabs of the pavement. This exploit put the troop to flight; the hulking fellow got up heavily, utterly broken by his fall, and without seeking to take vengeance on Paddy, he slunk off rubbing, with many contortions, the bluish mark which was beginning to discolour his skin, convinced that a demon was hidden under the jacket of this monkey fit only to ride on the back of a dog, whom he would have expected to knock down with a breath.

(Translated from THÉOPH. GAUTIER.)

70.**—THE BOHEMIAN.

I. It was March 31st, 1880¹, and were he to reach the advanced age of some one I know who speaks as authoritatively of, and pretends to be as familiar with, the magnificent town

¹ Write in words.

of Babylon as if he had seen it building, poor Marcel will ever remember that date. For upon that very day, Saint Joseph's day, in Paris, less than a thousand yards from the Bourse, at half-past three p.m., our poet was seen leaving a banker's house which he had entered not half an hour before. Though none who knew him could be persuaded to believe the fact until they had seen with their own eyes and touched with their fingers the prize he bore, he had just received a sum of five hundred francs in good ringing current coin of the land.

II. After he had carefully done up the twenty-five sovereigns into two little rolls, a thought struck him. He changed his mind; he took one out, so as, first of all, the artistic young man said, to make the two rolls of equal size, secondly, he added with boundless pride, to make his pocket renew its acquaintance with the jingling of hard cash. Principles, he had none; or, rather, he had a few, but all of them bad. The first use he made of this slice of Peru which had just fallen into his pocket, was not to pay his debts, seeing that he had sworn to himself to be economical and to go in for no extras; besides he had on the subject very definite ideas, and would tell his friends that before he could think of superfluities he had to attend to necessities; therefore he did not pay his creditors, but bought a Turkish pipe he had been coveting a long time. (*From HENRI MURGER.*)

71.—LIFE IN A CHÂTEAU.

Every hour came fresh arrivals from Blois and from Onzain, Mousseaux lying half way between the two stations. The landau, the victoria, and two great brakes set down at the steps in the great court, amid the incessant ringing of the bell, many illustrious members of the Duchess's set, academicians and diplomatists, Laniboire the philosopher, who had come to draw up his report on the award of the *Prix de Vertu*, the young critic of Shelley, who was 'run' by the Padovani set, and Danjou, handsome Danjou, all by himself, though his wife had been asked. Life at Mousseaux began at once to be what it had been the previous years. The day passed in calls, or work in the separate rooms, meals, general conversation, afternoon naps; then, when the great heat was past, came long drives through the woods, or sails on the river in the little fleet of boats anchored at the bottom of the park. Parties would be made to pic-nic on an island, and some of the guests would go and raise the hoop-nets, which were always well stocked with lively fish, as the keeper took care to replenish them generously the day before each expedition. Then everyone came back to dress for the ceremonious dinner, after which the gentlemen, when they had smoked in the billiard room or in the gallery, joined the ladies in a splendid apartment which had been the council-chamber of Catherine de Medici.

(*Translated from A. DAUDET.*)

72*—THE ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

'Intellect, intellect,' he rejoined, according to his fashion, catching one up at a word, and playing on that in order to answer not what one said, but what one's words led to. 'I am sick of all the talk about intellect I hear now. And what's the use of Intellect? Aristocracy of Intellect, they say. Curse all aristocracies, intellectual ones, as well as those of birth, or rank or money! What! will I call a man my superior because he is cleverer than myself? Will I bow down to a lot of brains any more than to a stock or a stone? Let a man prove himself better than me, my lad, honester, humbler, kinder, with more sense of the duty of man, and the weakness of man, and that man I'll acknowledge. That man's my king, my leader, though he were as stupid as Effie Dalglish, that could not count five on her fingers, and yet kept her drunken father by her own hands' labour for twenty-three years.'

(C. KINGSLEY.)

73.*—ARAB WILES.

I. It had been arranged that my escort were to bring with them all the food they would want during the passage of the desert. Now, on the evening of the second day, just after we had pitched our tents, my four Arabs came to Dthmetri and announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food and relied entirely on my supplies for their daily bread. It was awkward intelligence, because I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed for a moment (for it seemed to me likely enough) that my contingent had really mistaken the terms of their engagement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half-rations would be a less evil (and it would be, I thought, far less inconvenient to myself) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once ordered Dthmetri to assure them that my bread would be equally shared by all. Dthmetri however did not approve this concession: they had, he assured me, thoroughly understood the agreement, and if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait, for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread.

II. This version of the affair I should never have thought of. It seemed to me that the scheme, if it were a scheme, had something of audacity which it would be folly to allow my escort to foster. So, after I had completely satisfied myself that they had at first understood the terms of their engagement, I determined that they should not now violate our agreement by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, and ordered Dthmetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine.

The Arabs came to me and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

'Then we die.'

'God's will be done,' I answered.

I made the Arabs understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that this I should bear calmly, like any misfortune not my own. The men would have talked themselves into a passion, but they saw it was in vain; so they retired, and pretended to lay them down and die.

Ten minutes had not elapsed before I found that the Arabs were busy cooking their bread.

In Europe the detecting of such a barefaced scheme would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent; but you would no more recoil from an Oriental, on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you.

(*From KINGLAKE, Eothen.*)

74.—FISHING IN ICELAND.

When they had ended their *fête* it was a little past midnight. Most of them glided into the little black berths resembling sepulchres, the rest returned to the deck to resume their fishing.

Outside it was daylight, always daylight. But it was a light so pale as to resemble nothing; it hung like the shimmer of a sun that had sunk for ever. All around them began at once an immense colourless space, and beyond the planks of their ship all seemed transparent, impalpable, like unto a dream. The eye scarcely took in what could not but be the sea: first it looked like a sort of quivering mirror with no image to reflect; as it extended, it seemed to become a plain of vapours; it had no horizon nor outline. Above, shapeless, colourless clouds appeared to contain this inexplicable latent light. The men standing there had, since their childhood, been living upon this cold sea, in the midst of its fantastic scenes, vague and blurred like visions. All this changeful infinity they were accustomed to see moving around this narrow wooden home, and their eyes had grown as much used to it as those of the great sea-birds. And the vessel slowly rocked without advancing, uttering ever the same moan, as monotonous as a Breton song hummed by a sleeper in his dreams.

(*Translated from PIERRE LOTI.*)

75.—**A ROAD IN EGYPT.

Most were up very early; after we had refreshed the inner man, the carriages rattled up; the lunch was to take place when we had reached our first halting-place. The file of carriages started, scattering the crowd that had assembled as if by magic to witness the departure. Our route lay through a new roadway, recently opened up through a forest of date-trees, whose roots, laid bare by the pick-axe, we saw weirdly clinging to the banks of the cutting.

Some of these giants seemed to lean so dangerously over that we trembled lest they should fall on our heads; as for me, I must confess I sometimes felt my flesh creep; others remained standing upright, resembling the last columns of a ruined temple. Upon the carriage-way, amid clouds of dust, long strings of camels passed, laden with stones or sugar-canes; donkeys jogged along at their quick short trot, hard driven by their boys; primitive carts drawn by buffaloes creaked; a crowd of foot-passengers hastened along, most of them with some burden balanced on their heads, and public water-carriers sprinkled the roads from skins filled with water, that were strapped to their backs, and whose contents they squeezed out. A sky of dazzling brightness, but far less loaded with cobalt and ultramarine than painters usually represent it to be, extended over this panorama of striking novelty for European eyes.

(Translated from THÉOPH. GAUTIER.)

76.—PAUL'S SUICIDE.

The deep roar of the sea sounded louder and louder; lashed by the storm, the waves broke upon the shore with deep sobs, that seemed to tell of sorrows unknown, and under their fringe of foam swelled their despairing breasts. On the rocks streamed tears unnumbered; the restless gulls shrieked mournfully. Paul soon reached the edge of an overhanging rock. The crash of the waves, and the salt rain swept off the billows and hurled in his face by the squall, should have warned him of the danger. But he paid no heed; with his pale lips quivering with a strange smile, he pursued his ghastly way, although he felt empty space beneath his uplifted foot. He fell; a monster wave seized him, whirled him for an instant in its curve, then swallowed him up.

At that moment the hurricane burst forth in all its fury: in close array the breakers dashed up the beach like warriors storming a fortress, and cast sprays of foam fifty feet into the air. The black clouds split asunder like the walls of Hell, and through the rents could be seen the lightnings' blazing furnaces; a sulphurous and blinding glare lit up all space; the crest of Vesuvius glowed crimson, and a trail of black smoke beaten down by the wind billowed on the brow of the volcano. The boats moored below crashed against one another with mournful thuds, and the overstrained hawsers groaned piteously. Shortly after, the rain fell, in hissing serried shafts like a hail of arrows; it seemed as though Chaos wished to seize upon all nature again, and afresh confound the elements.

(Translated from THÉOPH. GAUTIER.)

77.—YANN'S MARRIAGE WITH THE SEA.

Yann never came home. One August night, out there, off the coast of gloomy Iceland, in the midst of a great fury of sound, was celebrated his wedding with the sea—with the sea who of old had

also been his nurse. She had made him a strong and broad-chested youth, and then had taken him in his magnificent manhood for herself alone.

A deep mystery had enveloped their monstrous nuptials. Dusky veils all the while had been shaken above them, curtains shifting and twisted, stretched there to hide the feast; and the bride gave voice continually, made her loudest and most horrible noise to smother the cries. He, remembering Gaud, his wife of flesh, had defended himself, struggling like a giant, against this spouse that was the grave, until the moment when he let himself go, his arms open to receive her, with a great deep cry, like the death-roar of a bull, his mouth already full of water, his arms open, stretched and stiff for ever. And they were all at his wedding—all those whom he had bidden of old, all except Sylvestre, who, poor fellow, had gone off to sleep in enchanted gardens far away on the other side of the world. (*Translated from PIERRE LOTI.*)

78.—THE BEST ENGLISH PEOPLE.

I. The truth is that by economy and good management—by sparing use of ready money, and by paying scarcely anybody,—people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means; and it is our belief that Becky's much-talked-of parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls. Stillbrook and Queen's Crawley supplied her with game and fruit in abundance. Lord Steyne's cellar was at her disposal, and that excellent nobleman's cook presided over her little kitchen, or sent by my Lord's order the rarest delicacies from their own. I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abuse Becky, and I warn the public against believing one-tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay, if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be! Every man's hand would be against his neighbour in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilisation would be done away with.

II. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns, and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down, parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, diamonds, wigs, old china, and splendid high-stepping carriage-horses—all the delights of life, I say,—would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance,

things are made to go on pleasantly enough ; we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unchanged—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No ; we shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good we forgive him, and go and dine with him ; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes—civilisation advances ; peace is kept ; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week ; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.
(THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.)

79.—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS IN THE XVTH CENTURY.

However admirable the Paris of to-day may seem to you, reconstruct the Paris of the fifteenth century, re-fashion it in your imagination ; look at the light through that surprising forest of spires, of towers, and of steeples ; spread out the Seine in the midst of the immense city, its surface cleft round pointed islands, creased round piers of bridges, with its broad pools of green and yellow, more changeful in colour than the skin of a serpent ; bring into bold relief against a horizon of blue, the Gothic profile of that old Paris ; make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its numberless chimneys ; bathe it in the darkness of night, and look at the curious play of light and shade in this gloomy maze of buildings ; cast over it a moonlight sheen that outlines it faintly and makes the towers lift their noble heads from out the fog ; or take up that dark profile, quicken into life by a touch of shadow the thousand sharp angles of church-tower and gable, and make it rise up in outline, more jagged than the toothed jaws of a shark, against the background of the copper sky of the setting sun,—and then compare.
(Translated from V. Hugo.)

80.—THE STORM.

We are setting off for Cinnabar by the Concord coaches, which have just brought the day's batch of travellers. A deluge of rain drenches our departure. Figures in mackintoshes bustle around the heaped-up trunks and in front of the carriages. The red tiles of the encampment assume beneath the rain warm hues which light up the dark line of fir-trees. We are off. The storm is driving thick serried lines of rain-drops parallel to the top of the rocky wall which overhangs the road. The thunder is repeated unceasingly in the hollows of the mountains, and the echo of the last clap is still audible when the next bursts. Flashes of lightning illumine the recesses and shady nooks of the chain, the clouds burst and pour their contents to the ground with incredible force. In a moment the road is nothing but a seething swamp. The torrent close by rises and growls and bathes the wheels of the carriage. On the slope of the mountain the rocks are released from their hold in the

earth as it melts away, and we pass along exposed to a double downpour of rain and stones. The horses rear; it is a critical moment. On the right the high wall rises eight hundred metres above our heads. On the left the swollen streams roar and overflow. The road is washed away; it is now nothing more than a ford of soft mire. The horses plunge into it up to their chests. When they had come out of this pass, they looked as if half clothed in fancy dress. This time the river was running into the carriage. On the advice of the driver, we had moved to the side nearest the mountain, leaving empty the seats on the side towards the torrent in order to adjust the balance and save ourselves from being jolted into the water. We were clinging in a cluster at the edge of the vehicle, on the step, deluged by sheets of rain, shaken and jostled and jerked, and running a hundred times over the risk of being crushed between the carriage itself and the rocky wall at the slightest swerve.

(Translated from LÉO CLARETIE.)

81.—ST. SIMON.

I. Referring to one of those endless questions of etiquette and prerogative raised by Saint-Simon, Louis the XIVth could not refrain from remarking that 'It was strange that since Monsieur de Saint-Simon had quitted the service, he seemed to think of nothing but enquiring into rights of precedence and suing everybody.' No doubt, Saint-Simon was possessed by the mania of drawing up tables of precedence; but, above all, and before all, by the passion for observing, fathoming characters, reading faces, sifting the truth and falsehood of every manœuvre, every intrigue; and setting all this down upon paper in a style full of life, fire, originality, with wonderful dash and such bold relief as the language had hitherto never attained. 'He writes, God knows how,' Chateaubriand said of him, 'but 'tis for immortality.' Just so; nay, more; Saint-Simon is, as it were, the spy of his times; such was his function, one of which Louis the XIVth never dreamt. But how formidable a spy! prowling everywhere, with a curiosity that hungered insatiably after everything he could seize upon. 'As for me, I was scrutinizing each character *with my eyes and my ears*,'—so he is ever letting us know. And this secret that he seeks for everywhere, that he tears out from men's very bosoms, he yields it all up to us, spreads it out before us, as I said just now, in a language so life-like, animated, heated even to fury, palpitating with joy or anger—that is often just what one might expect from a Molière making history his hunting-ground.

II. Saint-Simon was the greatest painter of his age—the age of Louis the XIVth in its fullest bloom. Before his time no one suspected the interest, the life, the varying and ceaselessly renewed drama that might be yielded by the events and scenes of the Court, the marriages and deaths, the sudden changes of fortune, or even by

the ordinary every day routine where hope or disappointment was seen on countless faces of which no two were alike, by the ebb and flow of conflicting ambitions that more or less visibly inspired every actor, by the groups and knots that gathered in the Grand Gallery of Versailles,—an apparent chaos which is, thanks to him, no longer confused but revealed to us in all its discords and harmonies. Before Saint-Simon we had only glimpses,—mere sketches of all this. He was the first to unite grandeur of general effect with infinite wealth of detail. If anyone has succeeded in calling into life Versailles, and of so doing without growing wearisome, it was he. We cannot help applying to him Buffon's saying of the earth in spring, 'everything teems with life.' But at the same time, when on rising from his book we open any other history, or even a volume of memoirs, we run the risk of finding everything thin, flat, and vapid, in comparison. Every period which has lacked its Saint-Simon seems from the first dull and desolate, colourless and dumb, like an empty house; we feel and regret the lack of all that might have been there, and all that has not been handed down from those times. Very few parts of our history will stand this test, if applied; few will not suffer from the contrast. For painters of this rank are rare, and up till now there has only been one possessor of such vitality and breadth, only one Saint-Simon.

(Translated from STE. BEUVE.)

82.—SWIFT AND ADDISON.

In this vast transformation of mind which occupies the whole eighteenth century and gives England its political and moral standing, two eminent men appear in politics and morality, both accomplished writers—the most accomplished yet seen in England; both accredited mouthpieces of a party, masters in the art of persuasion and conviction; both limited in philosophy and art, incapable of considering sentiments in a disinterested fashion; always bent on seeing in things motives for approbation or blame; otherwise differing, nay, ever in contrast with one another; one happy, benevolent, beloved; the other hated, hating, and most unfortunate; the one a partizan of liberty and the noblest hopes of man; the other an advocate of a retrograde party, and an eager detractor of humanity; the one measured, delicate, furnishing a model of the most solid English qualities, perfected by continental culture; the other, unbridled and formidable, showing an example of the keenest English instincts, luxuriating without limit or rule in every kind of devastation and amid every degree of despair. To penetrate to the interior of this civilisation and this people, there are no means better than to pause and to dwell upon Swift and Addison.

(Translated from TAINÉ.)

83.—RENAN.

We shall never hear again the chiming of the bells of Is. A voice of singular excellence will be absent from the concert of our world in which it had, in turn, instructed, delighted, alarmed, shocked and amused. It has aptly been compared to the trilling song of Ariel, the spirit freed from the trammels of reality, formed upon another planet for a humanity different from ours, lightly touching from without the ideas and ordinary feelings of the children of Adam, while transforming them for its own use. A second copy of the 'goat-stag,' as he called himself, will undoubtedly never be evolved from the combinations of life. In the cloister of Tréguier, I was watching two flights of birds sporting around the tower of Hastings; some crows which lived in the old cathedral, having fixed their abode in its arches, were flying aimlessly around, black, timid, with dragging wings, unable to proceed far: above them, a few sea-mews driven thither by the storm; white, fleeting, fortuitous wanderers without nests or ties, these scourers of the horizon were going back to the sea, carried away in the ocean gales that lashed their everlasting restlessness, their mad longing for tempests and space. Suppose the two species up there should mate together: there would result a bird of double nature, moved by the conflicting instincts of the two races, clinging to the cloister and irresistibly drawn to the scudding waves. Once only has this hybrid wonder been realised, in the character of M. Renan.

(Translated from E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.)

84.—MR. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour, if he lives and is enabled to fulfil the great promise of his early prime, will be as conspicuous a figure in English history as Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the publication of this book¹ goes a long way to make him recognisable even by his political opponents, as the only man in politics who can hope to occupy the place Mr. Gladstone has filled so long. Mr. Arthur Balfour has long ago lived down the prejudices and the antipathies which he at first excited. He is admitted to be beyond question and without dispute the ablest parliamentary leader in the House of Commons. It was not a follower, but an opponent, who declared that Mr. Balfour bade fair to be the greatest leader of the House of Commons that England had seen since the days of Sir Robert Peel. His dexterity in debate, his genial good temper in the management of men, his transparent honesty and unconscious effacement of self as a factor in the political equation,—all these qualities have made him as much respected on one side as he is idolised on the other. He has brought something of the chivalrous element of the Paladin into the

¹ 'The Foundations of Belief.'

somewhat squalid jousts of the parliamentary arena, and as if to complete his advantages, a beneficent Providence has given him an inimitable foil in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain . . . We all knew that Mr. Balfour was a brilliant debater, a keen politician, an able administrator and a solid and thoughtful essayist. But nothing that he has hitherto done quite prepared us for the brilliancy, the audacity, the judicial serenity, the mordant humour, and above all the supreme felicity of the illustrations which are so notable a feature of 'The Foundations of Belief.' Here is Mr. Balfour at his best,—serious, earnest, strenuous, and at the same time dealing with the gravest of problems with a light touch, and irradiating even the dreary wilderness of metaphysical discussion with the bright and genial sunshine of his distinctive genius.

(W. T. STEAD, *Review of Reviews*, 15 March, 1895.)

85.—SWIFT.

I. Driven to politics, he wrote a whig pamphlet 'A Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome'; received from Lord Halifax and the party leaders a score of fine promises; and was left in the lurch. Twenty years of insults without revenge, and humiliations without respite; the inner tempest of hopes fostered and then crushed; vivid and brilliant dreams suddenly withered by the necessity of a mechanical duty; the habit of suffering and hating, and being compelled to conceal his hate and sufferings; the baneful consciousness of superiority, the isolation of genius and pride, the bitterness of accumulated wrath and pent-up scorn,—these were the pricks which goaded him on like a bull. More than a thousand pamphlets in four years stung him still more with such designations as *renegade*, *traitor* and *atheist*. He crushed them all, set his foot on the Whig party, solaced himself with the poignant pleasure of victory. If ever a soul was satiated with the joy of tearing, out-raging, and destroying, it was his. Excess of scorn, implacable irony, crushing logic, the cruel smile of the foeman who marks beforehand the spot where he will wound his enemy mortally, advances towards him, tortures him deliberately, eagerly, with enjoyment,—such were the feelings which had leavened him, and which broke from him with such harshness that he hindered his own career, and that, of so many high places for which he stretched out his hands, there remained for him only a deanery in poor Ireland. The accession of George I. exiled him thither; the accession of George II., on which he had counted, confined him there. He contended there first against popular hatred, then against the victorious ministry, then against entire humanity, in virulent pamphlets, despairing satires; he tasted there once more the pleasure of fighting and wounding; he suffered there to the end, soured by the advance of years, by the spectacle of oppression and misery, by the feeling of his own impotence, enraged to have

to live amongst 'an enslaved people,' chained and vanquished. He says: 'I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more furious and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live.' This cry is the epitome of his public life; these feelings are the materials which public life furnished to his talent.

II. Swift has the style of a surgeon and a judge, cold, grave, solid, unadorned, without vivacity or passion, manly and practical. He desired neither to please, nor to divert, nor to carry people away, nor to move the feelings; he never hesitated, nor was redundant, nor was excited, nor made an effort. He expressed his thoughts in a uniform tone, with exact, precise, often harsh terms, with familiar comparisons, levelling all to within reach of his hand, even the loftiest things—especially the loftiest—with a brutal and always haughty coolness. He knows life as a banker knows accounts; and his total once made up, he scorns or knocks down the babblers who dispute it in his presence.

He knows the items as well as the sum total. He not only grasped every object vigorously and familiarly, but he also analysed it, and kept an inventory of its details. His imagination was as minute as it was energetic. He could give you a statement of dry facts on every event and object, so connected and natural as to deceive any man. 'Gulliver's Travels' read like a log-book. Isaac Bickerstaff's predictions were taken literally by the Inquisition in Portugal. His account of M. du Baudrier seems an authentic translation. He gives to extravagant romance the air of genuine history. By this thorough knowledge of details he imports into literature the positive spirit of men of business and experience. Nothing could be more vigorous, more narrow, more unhappy; for nothing could be more destructive. No greatness, false or true, can stand before him; whatsoever he takes in hand and fathoms loses at once its prestige and value. By his analysis he displays the real ugliness of things and removes their fictitious beauty. By levelling all things down to vulgar commonplace, he suppresses their real beauty, and gives them a fictitious ugliness. He presents all their gross features, and nothing but their gross features. (*Translated from TAINÉ.*)

86*—THE MAN WITHOUT A MORROW.

I was then a man without a morrow. The first twinge of annoyance at losing an interest in things that were to last into to-morrow, was succeeded by a feeling of novel enjoyment. There was such a delightful freshness and romance about the situation! I had a day to do what I chose in, totally independent of all after-consequences. As soon as I had paid for my breakfast, I lit a cigar and strolled into the street to meditate upon the programme

for the day. Should I go into the country or wander about town? I was a cockney born and bred, and true to the instincts of my race, I determined to consecrate my last hours to pavements and shop-fronts. The roar and rattle of the streets, the hustle and bustle of the surging crowd, and all the dash and confusion of London life, were more in keeping with my present mood than the drowsy dulness and pulseless vegetation of the country. I wandered aimlessly through the great thoroughfares; I stared into the shop windows; I stood at street-corners, with old ladies who waited for omnibuses; I entered public-houses and drank by the side of clerks and loafers. Ah! what would happen to-morrow? None could tell; but what cared I? . . . One thought was uppermost in my mind. I wondered what the thousands of people passing me by and jostling me with such utter unconcern would say if they knew that in a few hours I should be in a dead-house, a dank and ghastly corpse. (*From* GEO. R. SIMS.)

87.*—BRITISH BLUFF—MIGHT IS RIGHT.

The Governor was a thorough Oriental, and down to a comparatively recent period had shared in the old Mahometan feeling of contempt for Europeans. It happened, however, one day that an English gun-brig cast anchor off Suez, and sent boats ashore to take in fresh water. Now fresh water at Suez was somewhat scarce; it was kept in tanks, the chief of which was some distance from the place. The Governor, therefore, refused to listen to the deputation; or at all events he could not be persuaded to comply with their request.

The Captain of the brig was a simple-minded man, with a strongish will, and he at once declared that, if his casks were not filled in three hours, he would make the whole place a mass of ruins. 'A great people indeed,' the Governor said,—'a wonderful people, the English.' He instantly had every cask filled to the brim from his own tank, and ever afterwards entertained for the English a degree of affection and respect, for which I felt infinitely grateful to the gallant Captain.

88.—ROUSSEAU (1712-1778).

I. Jean-Jacques Rousseau first made his mark as a writer when he won, in 1750, the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for an essay on the question whether the revival of learning had contributed to the improvement of morals. His argument was that it had not: and so said many.

Five years later, Rousseau, in another essay on 'L'inégalité

parmi les hommes,' attacked society for its illogicalities and praised the state of nature. Voltaire, in thanking him for a copy of it, said: 'Really, the reading of your work makes one anxious to go on all fours.' It represented a weariness of wiggled and powdered civilization, that lead many to glorify natural man as something greater than the same animal as he had been perverted by culture.

Glorification of 'the noble savage' now came into literature as one form of the reaction against the despotism of conventionality. Rousseau rejected the positive idea of duty, and made sentimentality the rule for conduct. 'The heart is good,' he said; 'listen to it: suffer yourselves to be led by sentiment and you will never stray, or your strayings will be of a creditable sort.' A stream of sentiment, tainted at its source and becoming yet more sickly as it flowed, now poured into literature. It was the excess of a good thing, one form of the excess that marks reaction.

II. After attacking society and property, Rousseau published the 'Letter to d'Alembert against sight-seeing' (1753), a violent accusation of the stage, and his 'Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse' (1760), a mixture of eloquence and declamation. In 1762, 'Emile ou Traité sur l'éducation' appeared, in the same year as his sentimental elaboration of the principles of the Dutch Declaration of Independence and the English Settlement of 1689, into an ideal of the Social Contract—'le Contrat Social'—which had a most powerful influence on the subsequent course of the French Revolution.

Rousseau's theory of the Social Contract established the sovereignty of all, and that the general voice might ordain articles of religion, 'not as dogmas, but as sentiments of sociability,' banishing all who refused to accept them, and punishing with death all who, after acceptance, violated them in practice. But he said that 'the most just revolution would be bought too dearly by the blood of a single citizen.'

In 'Emile,' a long paradox, Rousseau wishes the child to be isolated, and taught nothing, lest his natural bent be thwarted. Although in its most celebrated part 'the Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar,' by asserting the immortality of the soul and the existence of God, he had proved himself hostile to the 'philosophical party,' he was nevertheless condemned by the 'Parlement' and had to flee the country. 'No toil, no poverty, no respect of men absolve a father of the duty of being himself the educator of his children' are the words found in the 'Emile;' Rousseau, however, sent his five children to the Foundling Hospital.

He was allowed to return from exile, and ended a life that was far from pure, in Paris, in 1778.

89.—(LETTER) TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the 'World' that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself '*le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;' that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks¹.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with much exultation,

My lord,
Your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
Sam. Johnson.

(1) Vergil, Ecl. viii.

90.—LA BASOCHE.

In the year 1303 Philippe le Bel authorised the law students of Paris to form themselves into a Guild or Corporation called 'La Basoche,' the members being known as the 'Clercs de la Basoche.' The King granted them various privileges, which they maintained intact for five hundred years. 'La Basoche' was a self-governing body; it exercised supreme and exclusive jurisdiction over all the law students of the Palace, and against its verdict there was no appeal. From the first it was called a Kingdom, and its chief was authorised to assume the title of King. The dignitaries who formed the regular Court of this Sovereign styled themselves Princes of La Basoche, and formed the supreme Court from which the king was elected. There was a Chancellor, a Vice-Chancellor, a Master of Petitions, a Grand Usher, an Attorney General, a Grand Referendary, an Almoner, Secretaries, Janitors, Registrars, &c. Philippe le Bel granted the King of La Basoche the privilege of wearing the Royal crown and robes, and of stamping money for circulation among the students and their purveyors. He also allowed them to use the seal engraved with the arms of the Basoche—three inkstands or *escritaires* or, on a Royal shield azure, and above the stamp, a helmet and morion, supported by two angels. Every year, towards the end of June or the beginning of July, the Basoche was bound to hold a general assembly or review, composed of all the students of the Basoche and of the two Châtelets, distributed in companies of one hundred men, each company choosing their own captain, lieutenants, and standard bearer. Under Henri III. this review brought together as many as ten thousand men, but before that date it already formed an important militia, which repaid royal favours by loyal service. Henri II., for instance, did not disdain to make use of it for the pacification of Guienne.

On the other hand, it was rare if this lawyers' guild took any active part in political events. If they turned their attention to them at all, it was merely to attack abuses with the weapons of ridicule in the theatrical representations which they sometimes gave at the Palace, but more frequently in private houses, or from time to time at the Saulsaye, or 'Pré aux Clercs,' the use of which had been granted to them by Henry II. Louis XII., who took pleasure in protecting the liberties of the theatre (although the members of the Basoche had not spared him in their satires), granted them the exclusive privilege of acting on the great marble table of the Palace which served for the sumptuous banquets given by the Kings of France when they held open Court. The Decree of the 13th of February, 1791, suppressing wardenships and freedoms of Corporations, dealt the Basoche its death blow. Among the names of this famous association which have come down to our time we may mention the best known—Jehan l'Eveillé,

Jean Bouchat (the poet of the '*épîtres familières*'), and his friends and companions, Pierre Blanchet, the supposed author of 'Maistre Pierre Pathelin,' Antoine de la Salle, to whom the same farce was also attributed, Clément Marot, François Villon, André de la Vignes, and others. The students of the Basoche, it may be added, took a large part in the attack at the storming of the Bastille in 1789, and the Municipal authorities, becoming alarmed at so great a body of armed men not under their command, incorporated them with the National Guard.

91.*—THE CHALLENGE.

At length, when the Saracenic music of the challengers had concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner had the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new comer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word '*Desdichado*,' signifying disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, 'Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat. He is your cheapest bargain.' (SCOTT, *Ivanhoe*.)

92.*—DAMASCUS.

For two days I wound under the base of snow-crowned Djibel-el-Sheik, and then entered a vast and desolate plain rarely pierced at intervals by some sort of withered brambles. The earth in its length and its breadth and all the deep universe of sky were steeped in light and heat. On I rode through the fire; but long before evening had come, there were straining eyes that saw, and joyful voices that announced, the sight of 'Shaum Shereef,' the 'Holy,' the 'Blessed' Damascus.

But what at last I reached with my longing eyes, was not a speck in the horizon gradually expanding into a group of roofs and walls, but a long, low line of blackest green that ran right across in the distance from east to west. And this, as I approached, I found grew deeper, wavy in its outline; soon forest trees had shot

up before my eyes and robed their broad shoulders so freshly that all the throngs of olives as they rose into view looked sad in their proper dimness.

There were even now no houses to see, but only the minarets peered out from the midst of shade into the glowing sky, and bravely touched the sun. There seemed to be here no mere city, but rather a province wide and rich, that bounded the torrid waste. (KINGLAKE, *Eothen.*)

93.—WORK IN A QUARRY.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard, and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I have been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the men had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. (HUGH MILLER.)

94.—LORD CHATHAM.

Another scene has opened and other actors have appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name—a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe . . . Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him. I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their a lulations, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may

have leave to lament. For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time¹ to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offence. One or two of those maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself, and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable.
(BURKE.)

95.*—BOILEAU (1636-1711).

After Boileau had published his 'Art Poétique,' in 1673, his influence became supreme. Its four cantos embodied his main doctrine as the Poet of Good Sense. In idea and execution it was inspired by Horace's 'Art of Poetry'; but its polished maxims, applied to French poetry, are more systematically arranged.

The critical defects of this work which may be said to have given the law for some years to French and English literature, nearly all proceed from a wholesome but too servile regard for the example of the ancient classic writers. The chief authors of Greece and Rome were to be as much the models of good literature as the Latin language was a standard of right speech. This led, indeed, to a sound contempt of empty trivialities, but it left the critic with but faint powers of recognition for a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Milton. Boileau was even hindered by it from perceiving how far Terence was surpassed by his friend Molière. His discipline thus tended obviously to the creation of an artificial taste for forms of correct writing excellent in themselves, but as means of perfect expression better suited to the genius of the French than of the English people.

He was a true Frenchman, and English writers erred by imitation even of his excellence, in adopting too readily for a nation Germanic in origin and language forms that harmonised better with the mind and language of a Latin race. But at the same time, they shared with their neighbours the benefit of assent to the appeal in his 'Art Poétique' on behalf of plain good sense against the faded extravagances of that period of Italian influence from which life and health had departed:

' Evitons ces excès, laissons à l'Italie
De tous ces faux brillants l'éclatante folie.
Tout doit tendre au bon sens.'

96.—DECAY OF AUTHORITY IN FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Authority in France had forfeited respect. It was represented in religion by self-seeking men, notoriously corrupt. At Court it was despicable, while terrible throughout the land by its oppressions. In the earlier days of Louis XV., under the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, there was a fashion for cutting up engravings, that the figures in them might be stuck on fans and fire-screens; a fashion for making ribbon-knots; for playing cup and ball. The Duke of Gesures kept open house for forty retainers; twenty, in green suits of his giving, were alone admitted to his presence in green magnificence, making green ribbon-knots. The Duke of Epemon had a bold fancy for performing surgical operations on his vassals.

After the Regency had come to an end, there was the twenty years' rule of Mme. de Pompadour, a person of low birth, who maintained influence when she had lost beauty, by encouraging the infamous seraglio of the Parc aux Cerfs. What wonder if the revolt was fierce, and men of intellect were urged to deny all that rested on authority alone, and seek to build afresh on other ground? What wonder if the intellectual reaction led to an excess of scepticism, and men weary of cold formalism broke loose, defied it all, and gave a passionate expression to their feelings? In France, Voltaire chiefly represented the intellectual reaction, Rousseau the emotional.

97.—INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSICS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The literary character of the Revolution was the cause of many of its mistakes and follies, and perhaps of some of its atrocities. As the English Puritans assumed Scriptural names, and set up as their examples the scenes of the Old Testament, so many of the French demagogues imagined that they were emulating Brutus and other heroes of Roman story. The members of the Convention talked familiarly of poignarding one another; and it is possible that the memory of the proscriptions of Sulla and the Triumvirs may not have been without some influence on the massacres of the Revolution. It was Rousseau, and not school education, as has been said, who created this enthusiasm for antiquity, rich in parodies and crimes. This theatrical pedantry of patriotism seems to have been more especially characteristic of the Girondists. In the time of the Directory fêtes were given, in which different sorts of ancient chariots were introduced, and the guests appeared in Greek costumes.

When Napoleon had made the peace of Tolentino, and had stipulated for the delivery of Roman statues and other works of art, he wrote to the Directory: 'I have particularly insisted on the busts of Junius and Marcus Brutus being sent, which shall be the first to arrive in Paris.' When the five Directors went to meet Bonaparte at the Luxemburg in 1797, they were clothed in Roman dresses, while he himself, who, no doubt, laughed at them in his sleeve, was very plainly attired.

98*—ON CONTENT.

If you are foolish enough to feel contented, do not show it, but grumble with the rest ; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. For if you do not, you will not get any. In this world it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand : if you start by suggesting a hundred, you will only get ten.

It was by not following this simple plan that poor Jean-Jacques Rousseau came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels and a cattle show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen-garden and one head of live stock, and even possibly have come across that 'rara avis'—a really amiable woman.

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people ! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth can they occupy their thoughts with, supposing they have any ? Reading the paper and smoking stronger and stronger tobacco seem to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the flute and talking about the next-door neighbour's affairs.

(JEROME K. JEROME.)

99.—NAPOLEON—THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Every one of the million reads of anecdotes, or memoirs, or lives of Napoleon, and delights in the page, because he studies in it his own history. Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and, at the highest point of his fortunes, has the very spirit of the newspapers. He is no saint—to use his own word, 'no capuchin,' and he is no hero, in the high sense. The man in the street finds in him the qualities and powers of other men in the street. He finds him, like himself, by birth a citizen, who, by very intelligible merits, arrived at such a commanding position, that he could indulge all those tastes which the common man possesses, but is obliged to conceal and deny : good society, good books, fast travelling, dress, dinners, servants without number, personal weight, the execution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a benefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoyment of pictures, statues, music, palaces, and conventional honours—precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the XIXth. century—this powerful man possessed.

(EMERSON.)

100.—NAPOLEON'S DIRECTNESS OF PURPOSE.

History is full of the imbecility of kings and governors. But Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man in the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also, to his aim; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendour of his own means. 'Incidents ought not to govern policy,' he said, 'but policy, incidents.' He never blundered into victory, but won his battles in his head, before he won them on the field. His victories were so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward, in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance.

Napoleon knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not therefore be set down as cruel; but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel—but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! Not bloodthirsty, but not sparing of blood—and pitiless. He saw only the object; the obstacle must give way. 'Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery.'—'Let him carry the battery.'—'Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed: Sire, what orders?'—'Forward, forward!' Sérurier, a colonel of artillery, gives, in his 'Military Memoirs,' the following sketch of a scene after the battle of Austerlitz: 'At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat, painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed towards the artillery. 'You are losing time,' he cried; 'fire upon those masses; they must be engulfed; fire upon the ice!' The order remained unexecuted for ten minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect; their balls and mine rolled upon the ice without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating light howitzers. The almost perpendicular fall of the heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was immediately followed by the adjoining batteries, and in less than no time we buried some thousands of Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake.'

(EMERSON.)

D.—VERY DIFFICULT.

101.—THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS (UNITED STATES.)

It is an immense gradient which descends from the summit in tiers of basins hollowed out by the capricious hand of nature within an area of three square miles. The mind is bewildered by the multitudinous combinations of these fairy terraces and shallow reservoirs of all sizes and all degrees of temperature. This glorious succession of fonts rising one above the other, looks like a staircase at Versailles, on a gigantic scale. Each dripping story has been christened with a picturesque or poetical name. A boarded footpath runs along the side of these steaming steps. We have before our eyes all the wonders of the most delicate jeweller's art, in all hues; there are broad bowls around which the deposits suspend necklaces of transparent pearls, flat-looking shallow tanks whose sides offer all the wealth and fancy of lavish ornament.

The giant stairway narrows as we ascend; the basins are less broad and deeper, and their ledges higher; the water, nearer its source, is warmer. The ground becomes soft, plastic, and elastic. . . . Now we come to the last pools near the top; clouds of vapour hover over their surface. The stone assumes a liquid appearance, as if it were flowing and falling in cascades beneath the thin layer of water. Beyond, the mountain side broadens out into a huge flat landing, then rises again in a wooded slope to the highest summits of the range. Jets and runnels of water gush forth in every direction and unrelentingly continue the work of invasion; calcareous patches are formed, attaching themselves everywhere; they extend and meet; they clasp earth and trees, and thicken by slow irresistible progress. Some springs have closed up their own outlets by their deposits which rise up in cones; the centuries of their existence may be reckoned by the circles of the strata. Great leprous plague-spots have reached and encircled clumps of pine-trees whose black withered dead trunks seem to call for help with their long fleshless arms.

(Translated from LÉO CLARETIE.)

102.—THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Just at a turn in the road we came upon a country house standing alone amid orchards and hermetically closed. Its owners had not visited it for a long time; for a robust espaliered apple-tree, clothing the whole front, had shot its long knotty sprays to the very casements, closing the shutters for ever. I pushed the heavy iron gate. The lock must have been in a bad condition, for the gate swung back creaking on its rusty hinges, and enabled us to enter the courtyard, where thistles and wild oats were growing at random. The courtyard was separated from the gardens by a low wall, against which, protected by a holly tree, opened the rounded mouth of an old well, lined inside with tufts of hart's tongue. Opposite rose the green crumbling stone steps which led up to the house. From the moss-green cornices of the gable to the warped panels of the door, everything proclaimed utter abandonment and decrepitude.

The garden presented a yet wilder aspect; the creeping strawberry shoots were interlaced in all directions, covering the paths with a network of green. The flower-beds, overrun by weeds, suggested the mounds of a graveyard. Here and there a few hardy robust flowers had survived: purple asters, golden-hued marigolds and autumn scented phloxes. Right across, the apple-trees and pear-trees and raspberry bushes formed as it were a virgin forest. A sun-dial on its pedestal had all but disappeared under the moss; in a dilapidated arbour could be seen a broken stone bench, and beyond it a tank covered with duck-weed. The entire garden-front of the house was embraced by a jasmine, some of its white stars still gemming its dark foliage; and opposite the windows, there hung from the fork of a laburnum, the remains of a hammock gnawed by rats and rotted by rain.

(Translated from A. THEURIET.)

103.—AWAKENING OF THE BELLS IN PARIS.

And if you wish to receive an impression from the old city, which our modern Paris could never give you, ascend, on the morning of a great holiday, Easter or Whitsuntide, at sunrise, ascend to some height from which you can command a view of the whole capital, and witness the awakening of the chimes. See! at a signal from the sky—for it is the sun that gives it—these thousand churches quiver at the same moment. At first only faint tollings are heard here and there, speeding from church to church as when musicians tune up to begin. Then all at once, behold!—for there seem to be moments when the ear, too, has the gift of sight—see rising simultaneously from each steeple, a column as it were of sound, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell rises straight upwards, clear and, so to speak, isolated from the

others, into the glorious morning sky. Then, gradually swelling in volume, they blend, mingle, are lost in one another, and fuse into a magnificent harmony. 'Tis but one mass of deep-sounding vibrations welling ceaselessly forth from numberless spires, floating, surging, tossing, swirling, and eddying over the city, extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is no chaos. However great and deep it is, it has not lost its transparency. You can see here each group of notes which escapes from the chimes, winding forth by itself; here you can follow the dialogue now low, now shrill, between the high-toned and deep-clanging bells; here you see the octaves leaping from tower to tower; you see them whirring past, winged, light as air, from silver bells, and falling broken and limping from bells of wood; in the midst of these you admire the rich gamut, rising and falling incessantly from the seven bells of St. Eustache.

(Translated from VICTOR HUGO.)

104.—'CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH . . .'

The Doctor was fifty-five, and looked more than his age. Tall, thin, stiff in bearing, his face severe in outline, he was already well nigh bald. His beard, which he grew unshaved, was white, as were also his few remaining tufts of hair. Beneath eyelids reddened and weary, his little steel-blue eyes lit up, without enlivening, his icy countenance. From the russet shade of the eyebrows, and the coloration of the cheeks and cranium, you guessed his hair had been red before hard work or sorrows had whitened his beard and denuded his head. With his legs crossed and his body thrown back, he was reading the paper attentively. The fixity of his features relaxed at intervals only when a dull noise issuing from the bay of the window caused his morose lips to writhe impatiently.

It was an intermittent noise, a confused murmur of half inarticulate words, broken with silence, and each time followed by a stifled yelp. All students know how aggravating are such suppressed whisperings which fall at irregular intervals on the peace of the study; better far a downright, straightforward uproar. At last, the reader could stand it no longer; turning his arm-chair half round, he drew himself up rigidly, and lifting one of the curtains:

'Theresa,' he said severely.

A stream of light flooded the room and revealed the delinquents: a girl of sixteen and a dog.

(Translated from A. THEURIET.)

105.—PETRUS BOREL (PORTRAIT).

Every group has its central figure, round which the rest cluster and gravitate like the planets in a system round their sun.

Petrus Borel was this sun ; none of us ever attempted to resist his attraction. No sooner did you come within the vortex, than you spun round with peculiar complacency, as though fulfilling some natural law. You felt somewhat of the rapture of the Spinning Dervish in the centre of his 'fustanel,' bell-shaped with the swiftness of his waltzing.

His was one of those faces which once to see is never to forget. His youthful and grave countenance, with its perfect regularity, its olive skin, with here and there a touch of amber warmth, like the mellow canvas of an old master, was lit up by his large glistening mournful eyes, the eyes of an Abencerage thinking of Granada. The best description we can give of those eyes is that they seemed to belong to other climes, to yearn for other scenes. His bright-red mouth shone like a flower beneath his moustache, and threw a spark of life into the impassive mould of a face eastern in its immobility.

The presence of Petrus Borel produced an indefinable impression, the cause of which we at length discovered. He was not of this age ; nothing in him bespoke the Modern. He always seemed fresh from the far past, as though he had parted from his forefathers but yesterday. In none other have we seen this expression. To believe him a Frenchman, born in the present century, were difficult. A Spaniard, an Arab, or an Italian of the fifteenth, he might well have been.

(Translated from TH. GAUTIER.)

106.—THE HARBOUR.

The light-house lamp was about to be kindled ; for the sun was rapidly sinking towards the horizon and darting its rays almost horizontally on the smooth mirror-like surface of the waters. The last ripples formed by the eddies of the slack sea shone in sparks of light as they raised their crests before breaking and dying away upon the beach with a long whisper of rattling shingle, or as they lapped against the echoing sides of the craft which dotted the liquid plain.

Here a pleasure boat, with its three-cornered sail jauntily tipped with a red streamer, was sauntering home, after a cruise to the neighbouring coast ; there a government despatch-boat, whose screw, driven by a roaring fire that throws high into the air a long plume of smoke, works like mad, the faster to carry to the next station the semaphore telegrams.

Further there lies a mighty sailing vessel at rest, the black outline of whose vast hull stands out against the glowing west, and whose masts with their wide spread of yards are flung against the red disk of the sun like the bars of a grated peep-hole ; yesterday

only did she cast anchor in the roads; her hold overflows with products from all parts of the globe; for she has touched at all the principal marts of the five continents, and after facing the angry seas and weathering many a storm, there she is, home again, stately and tranquil, taking breath for new adventures.

(I. H. B. SPIERS.)

107.—LE 30 FLORÉAL DE L'AN VII A PARIS (20TH MAY, 1799).

It was the morning of the 30th Floréal—one of those glorious mornings at the season of the year when the cool night air vanishes swiftly at the first warm touch of returning day—and the scene was one of those gardens which, from behind high walls and iron railings, displayed at that time a level stretch of green along the banks of the Isle of St. Louis. The early dawn had but just risen—first strewing with swan's down the bosom of the slumbering Seine, then brightening into patches of rosy hue, through which, a moment later, darted, like bee-stings, the first rays of the sun, as yet not risen above the horizon. But, heedless of the caress of the white morning light—presently tinged with pale gold—Paris still slumbered on. For it was the year VII, under the Directorate, when mad revelry was the order of the day, and the citizens used to carry their merry-making far on into the night, beguiling the fleeting hours with a thousand pleasures. In the dancing halls the last blatant fanfares had scarce died away, whilst on the river little red tongues of flame were still lapping the unsightly framework of the barely extinguished fireworks. In fine, Paris, after the deliverance of Thermidor, had not re-assumed its former character as the hard-working city which had produced so many master-pieces.

A touch of madness was in the very atmosphere, which even the news of victories scarce stirred with a breath of heroic feeling. But nature is wiser than man, and so, in the place of this lassitude of the outer world, there reigned, in the garden of which I have spoken, the hush of contemplative calm. Here those bright beams from the radiant East penetrated—filtered as it were through the thick foliage—and dotted the gravelled walks and the dewy lawns with spots of golden light which quivered like butterflies' wings. Here were to be heard the melodious matins of the birds in their leafy halls; the faint, almost imperceptible hum of the insects amidst the glistening grass; the rustle of opening wings, and the first hesitating notes of songs that were flying upward. Amidst all this soft murmuring sound, to which a breeze from the Seine gave rhythm, the lordly old mansion, with its shutters closed, was silent within its lofty walls, that seemed fissured and creviced where the sharply defined shadows of the branches fell upon the sunlit background, on which was cast in strong contrast the slanting blackness of the coping of the boundary wall, festooned with ivy and crowned with wall-wort.

(Translated from SOUVESTRE.)

108.—FORSAKEN.

Mountainous rollers driven before the nor'wester came racing in at a giddy speed towards the outer reefs, leaping in seething masses of water over huge boulders, and plunging on the sands like a troop of wild horses with furious din and flying foam. The sky, overcast at first, had here and there been swept clear by a gust of wind, and through a wide rent in the clouds the full round moon showed all the terrible grandeur of the swollen sea that hurled itself against the land, as though fain to take it by assault. The waves heaved high around the beacon-light in the offing, battered furiously on the rocks of the islets of Cézembre and Harbour, crashed with thundering reverberations into the caverns of the 'Goule aux Fées,' and spouted up again to the summit of the cliffs. It seemed a world deluge, a cataclysmal downpour of ten thousand waterfalls, the outburst of mighty rivers breaking their banks.

Now and again clouds would cover the moon; and the lurid sea, under the darkening sky, assumed an aspect of grim and savage wildness. The billows kept breaking farther and farther up the narrow beach of Port-Rion; then they would fall back again, as if to take breath, leaving behind a sheet of foam that covered the sand and looked like fallen snow. Soon they came on again higher than before, sweeping the whole breadth of the shore, and Jeanne, standing half-way down the cliff ladder, could feel the warm drops of salt spray fall on her dress and face. All round her, in the hollows of the rock, in the waves that slid over the sand, in the water that fell from the dripping walls of rock, was a complaining cry that rose deafening and never-ceasing, and seemed to Jeanne the echo of her own thoughts. 'Forsaken! forsaken!' the sea called to her. 'Forsaken!' she heard in the howling of the wind.

(Translated from ANDRÉ THEURIET.)

109.—MOLIÈRE'S MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

Argan, an invalid in his own imagination, suffers the tortures of the damned in his house—a very hell. He is the prey of a shrew who robs him before he is dead, and the puppet of a servant who dazes him with her chatter; while hypocritical Béline puts sugar in his tea, warms his winding-sheet and tucks up his bier, shameless Toinette laughs at his tortures and tosses him in the blankets of his very death-bed. On the one side the crocodile tears and the grimaces of a paid mourner, and on the other coarse scoffing laughter and pitiless jokes. They ill-treat him, they bully him, they jeer at him, and bait him; without answering him they let him furiously ring his bell, which tolls like a funeral knell, and fills his empty room like an alarm.

Here comes the black-coated band of apothecaries and doctors, like crows hovering round a corpse. First of all there is M. Diafoirus, with his son Thomas at his side. Then comes M.

Fleurant, weird and gloomy, with a night-cap on his head and an apron round his waist, armed with a syringe as long as a culverin; with a threatening air he points it at the poor fellow, who struggles violently in his chair and cries for mercy but does not get it. At his call M. Purgon rises; the executioner goes to aid his assistant in keeping his rebellious patient down. He comes bristling and swelling with rage, his mouth puffed out with funereal prophecies, making all the serpents of Æsculapius hiss round that feeble head half emptied by fasting. At the sound of his voice the maladies he has conjured up, invade, like so many furies, the room already like a death chamber.

Notice that these dreadful characters are in no wise caricatures, but genuine, life-like portraits of those times. In the 17th. century the death-dealing medicine of the middle ages still held its sway amid all its horrors. The routine of the Faculty was more intolerant than the orthodoxy of the Inquisition. It killed, according to the text of Galen and the rules of Hippocrates, with bumptious stupidity. The satires of that time paint in horrifying colours those exterminating doctors. They are seen trotting through the city on their apocalyptic mules, clad in their robes with wide floating sleeves, like those black angels that used to roam through Aleppo, marking with the end of their lances the doors of those who must die.

(Translated from P. DE SAINT VICTOR.)

110.—COUNT LABINSKI—PORTRAIT.

Ever since polytheism has vanished, and in its train those youthful gods, those smiling genii, those heaven-born youths whose forms are of a perfection so absolute, an outline so harmonious, an ideal so pure,—ever since Greece of old ceased to sing the hymn of beauty in Parian strophes, man has cruelly abused the permission given him of being ugly, and, though created after God's image, he but ill represents the Deity. But Count Labinski had not profited by this license; the slightly elongated oval of his face, his slender nose at once bold and delicate, his lips chiselled in the curve of strength and accentuated by a fair moustache pointed at the ends, his chin set off and stamped by a dimple, his jet-black eyes gave him the air of one of those warlike angels—Saint Michael or Raphael—who, clad in golden armour, wage battle with Satan. He would have been too handsome had it not been for the manly flash of his dark eyes and the sun-burned tint with which the eastern sun had touched his features.

The Count was of average height, slight, slim, sinewy, hiding under an apparent frailness muscles of steel; and when, at some ball at the embassy, he was clothed in his court dress all ablaze with gold, bespangled with diamonds and edged with pearls, he passed among the throng like a sparkling vision. We need not add that the Count possessed the gifts of the mind as well as those of the body; the kindly fairies had endowed him with them in his cradle, and the malignant witch who spoils everything had shown herself in a good temper on that day.

(Translated from GAUTIER.)

111.—DOWNSTREAM!

The canoe was like a leaf in the current. It took it up and shook it, and carried it masterfully away, like a Centaur carrying off a nymph. To keep some command of our direction, required hard and diligent plying of the paddle.

The river was in such a hurry for the sea! Every drop of water ran in a panic, like as many people in a frightened crowd. But what crowd were ever so numerous, or so single-minded? All the objects of sight went by at dance measure; the eyesight raced with the racing river; the exigencies of every moment kept the pegs screwed so tight, that our very being quivered like a well-tuned instrument; and the blood shook off its lethargy, and trotted through all the highways and byways of the veins and arteries, and in and out of the heart, as if circulation were but a holiday journey, and not the daily toil of three score years and ten. The reeds might nod their heads in warning, and with tremulous gestures, tell how the river was as cruel as it was strong and cold, and how death lurked in the eddy underneath the willows. But the reeds had to stand where they were; and those who stand still are always timid advisers.

As for us, we could have shouted aloud. If this lively and beautiful river were, indeed, a thing of death's contrivance, the old ashen rogue had famously outwitted himself with us. I was living three to the minute. I was scoring points against him every stroke of my paddle, every turn of the stream. I have rarely had better profit of my life.

(From R. L. STEVENSON.)

112.—DISCONTENT.

In the merry nights of the threshing or the maize picking, of the walnut shelling or the vintage, when other girls were laughing, chattering, or listening round-eyed to an old world tale, or chiming in with the songs some lover sang to a guitar, she sat aloof, dreaming—always of the golden crown, always of the people on their knees. At such times she would as often as not take her portion of the work to be done with her, and go up into her loft, and open the wooden shutter, and shell her maize or her walnuts by the light of the moon, and look up at it every now and then, and away at the dark silent valley and the silvery mountains that touched the clouds, and when the love-lay of the guitar thrilled up to her from below she would only feel sullen and sad and angry. She was impatient with her lot: life has no worse fever. (OUIDA.)

113.—THE CATTLE IN SUMMER.

She sat and milked her three cows in silence. That done, she measured the milk and poured it into the cans and gave it to the boy whose business it was to take it down to the city, and who, yawning and muttering, had then appeared with his mule in its sickly ramshackle cart. Then she took her sickle, threw a skip

over her shoulder, and went out to cut fodder for her charges ; for it was broad summer time, and the poor cattle hereabouts are never allowed to leave their stalls in summer time, lest they should crop the green corn or munch the yet green grapes. Month after month of the teeming weather, when every inch of the land runs over with foliage and flowers, these poor dispossessed sovereigns of the soil stand on their four legs in their dark stalls, in gloom and heat, lowing their hearts out in piteous darkness and captivity. But the girl did her best to soften their imprisonment to her own cattle by bringing them all she could rifle from the fields, and cutting the juiciest grasses and canes, the sweetest coils of bindweed and other creepers.

(OUIDA.)

114.—CHARLES II.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot and the slave. The king cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults, and more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons, regulated the policy of the State. The Government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch ; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

(MACAULAY.)

115.—THE CITY OF SLEEPING KINGS.

There is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And, unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will ; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names.

(RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*.)

116.—ITALIAN SCENERY.

The village gives its name to the hills that rise above it, and that overtop one another in a succession of knolls and bluffs and pine-covered summits, with little valleys lying between them, and far away and below the gleaming west with the silver sheen that shows where the sea is, beyond the peaks of Carrara. No one from the great world ever comes up here. Travellers know nothing about it, and would care nothing; artists who would care have never heard of it; the broad sandy road that climbs up between the chestnut thickets, or passes through the pine-woods only serves for the mule of the wood-cutter and the oxen of the stone-cutter. In the fiercest summer heats these hills are always green and cool. Underground waters feed the trees, and make a rich mountain flora bloom. There are hundreds of the beautiful Italian pines, and an undergrowth of oak-scrub, of purple heather, of golden gorse. It is full of balmy smells; there is hardly ever a sound, except the sound of the axe or the pickaxe, which, alas, are never still there; for Italians are bent on the ruin of all such woodland as they have left. The little valleys look like birds' nests dropped underneath green leaves.

(OUIDA.)

117.—THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under the evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin, that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins on whose rents the red light rests, like a dying fire upon defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watchtowers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.

(RUSKIN, *Modern Painters.*)

118.—THE JURA (LANDSCAPE).

It was spring-time, too; and all the flowers were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love. There was room enough for all; but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes, only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulae; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, the comfrey, the mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew.

(RUSKIN, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.)

119*.—MUSINGS AT A SCENE ON THE CLYDE.

Evening lowered around Morton as he advanced up the narrow dell which must have once been a wood, but was now a ravine divested of trees, unless where a few from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape must have once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rocks, that occasionally interrupted its course.

‘Murmurer that thou art,’ said Morton, in the enthusiasm of

his reverie, 'why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom; and there is an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages.'

(*From W. SCOTT, Old Mortality.*)

120.—TOBY IN A SQUALL.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And, oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected: for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried: 'Why, here he is!' Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he was not carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other very portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

(*DICKENS, Chimes.*)

121.—DRAPER.

The happiest individual I ever knew was the poorest. His name was Draper. That was all there was of his name, for he would have regarded anything additional as a superfluity, and nobody indeed would have ever dreamed of asking such a waif for his Christian name. A Christian name implies christening, and parents, and god-parents, and being born beforehand in a regular manner; whereas Draper had never to his knowledge, or that of anybody else, been inside a church or chapel, and had no more idea of who his father might have been than a cuckoo has. When I enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance, he was a person of middle age, square build, supremely perfect health—manifested by his magnificent appetite, white teeth, ruddy face, and eyes like grey diamonds—abominably bad clothes, battered hat, gaping boots, and an eternally radiant smile, with an ever-ready joke. He was Shakespeare's Autolycus in rags and tatters, gifted with the same

wit and the same philosophy—being of a long-settled opinion that

A merry heart goes all the day ;
Your sad tires in a mile-a.¹

But his rags and tatters were peculiar in this, that they glistened from a distance like the sides of a fishing-smack, and for the same reason. Draper was covered with tar inside and out. He was panoplied in it. What he liked best in the world was doing nothing. In the winter, whenever he could, he did this in the nice soft straw of somebody's barn ; in the summer he did it deep in the fox-gloves and ferns of some coppice bank, where he could lie on his stomach and watch the little creatures of the insect world go and come up and down their green bridges of the grass, and along the avenues that stretch under the buttercup leaves and balls of the crow's foot. He knew and liked all woodland things, large and small, as if he had been a Faun ; and understood the minds and the ways of weasels and foxes, hares and hedgehogs, field-mice and beetles, as if he had been himself in turns dipterous, coleopterous, quadrupedalian. But though he agreed with Aristotle that meditation was the only proper pursuit for a wise man, the need of beer and tobacco to assist meditation had forced him to a profession.

(SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.)

122.—VOLTAIRE.

There is not, that we know of, one great thought in all his six and thirty quartos. . . . He sees but a little way into Nature ; the mighty all in its beauty and infinite mysterious grandeur, humbling the small *me* into nothingness, has never, even for moments, been revealed to him ; only this and that other atom of it, and the differences and discrepancies of these two, has he looked into and noted down. His theory of the world, his picture of man and man's life, is little ; for a poet and philosopher even pitiful. He reads history, not with the eyes of a devout seer, or even a critic, but through a pair of mere anti-catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with suns for lamps and Eternity as back-ground, but a poor, wearisome debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the *Encyclopédie* and the Sorbonne. God's Universe is a larger patrimony of Saint Peter, from where it were pleasant and well to hunt the Pope. The still higher praise of having had a right or noble aim cannot be conceded to him without many limitations, and may plausibly enough be altogether denied. The force necessary for him was nowise a great and noble one ; but a small, in some respects a mean one, to be nimbly and seasonably put into use. The Ephesian temple, which it had employed many wise heads and strong arms for a life-time, to build, could be unbuilt by one madman in a single hour.

(CARLYLE.)

¹ Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act iv., Scene iii.

123.—WORSHIP.

Thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous. The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he president of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and Hegel's Philosophy, and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. As for your institutes, and academies of sciences, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick crowded, inextricably inter-twisted hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dexterous combination, some letters in the vulgar character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic recipe, of high avail in practice. Do they by any chance think that Nature is more than some boundless volume of such recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible domestic cookery-book? Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission appears. And then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

(CARLYLE.)

124.—IRRELIGION.

We have forgotten God. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shews and shams of things. We quietly believe this universe to be intrinsically, a great unintelligible Perhaps; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a most extensive cattlefold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges, dining-tables,—whereat he is wise who can find a place. All the truth of this universe is uncertain; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it are and remain very visible to the practical man.

There is no longer any God for us. God's laws are become a 'greatest-happiness principle,' a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper; a butt for Herschel-telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at. This is verily the plague-spot; centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem with its roots and taproots, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison exsudations under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and

agony. You touch the focal centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion: there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly: in killing kings, in passing Reform bills, in French revolutions, Manchester insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour. (CARLYLE.)

125.—THE LEGEND OF THE ISLAND.

A little isle lay pearl-like in a summer sea—a jewel in the dark heart of the great deep. Save for the song of birds, no sound was heard; no lowing of kine passed out from its pastures; no homely labour song hailed its morning; no children's laughter made music through its noontide hours; nor lovers' whisper which stole forth at eventide. For it was the dwelling of the dead, and Death was Lord of All. The island's face was furrowed by his footsteps, each of which was the place of a grave, for it was a burial ground for the seafaring folk.

Here oft-times might be seen a black-sailed boat bearing a silent burden. Then a new scar was made in the breast of the isle, and it was once more left in the solitude of the waters. The birds still sang, the sun shone on, the sea surged around, while in some human heart was a new scar to match the fresh one in the islet's breast. When the sailors passed by day, singing in time to the oars' strokes, their song ceased as they came in sight of it, and by night they steered afar, lest they should touch on it in the dark.

Nevertheless, it so chanced one eve that a fisher was stranded on a sand-bar at ebb-tide, and must needs stay till the returning flood should float him. He looked towards the lonely isle and shuddered. Three of its mounds he well knew; one was the grave of his mother, the next that of the maiden he had wooed, and the smallest that of his first-born son. The strong man, sighing, turned his gaze seaward, and so fell asleep. But at midnight he awoke, and lo, his boat was turned toward the land, yet he sought for his mounds in vain; for, behold, before him an island of flowers; no two blooms were alike, but each diverse, of beauty and fragrance beyond belief, and all were folded on their stem softly as if in slumber. Then, even as he gazed, sweet music arose, at the sound whereof the flowers trembled and their petals opened, glittering with crystal dew, like angels' tears, at the sight whereof he bowed his head and wept. So he waited on till nigh morning, when there came up a gentle mist, falling on the flowers so that they were hidden from his sight, and at sunrise his comrades found him in his boat—dead, but on his face the glory of a great joy. They buried him beside his first-born, and the people of those seas ever say, no man may pass a night near the isle and return to the land of the living.

126.—GREEK AND LATIN.

Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world ; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves ; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of Nature herself, to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded ; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English ; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer ; at once the variety and the picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and intensity of Æschylus ; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes ! And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the state ; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion, and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire ; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic : rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonyms ; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius ; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by Cicero, and by him found wanting ; yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its conciseness : the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals ; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools ; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus.

(NELSON COLERIDGE.)

127.—DAY-BREAK UPON ILIMANI.

High in the blue crystal vault, and immediately before me, as I rode thoughtlessly along, I perceived a brilliant streak (it was not yet day-break) resembling burnished gold, dazzling to look at, and wonderfully contrasted with the shades of night which still lingered upon the world beneath ; for to us the sun had not yet risen, though the sombre profiles of the Cordilleras might be distinctly traced through the departing gloom. Imperceptibly the golden effulgence, blended with a field of white, glistening in vestal purity and expanding downwards, gradually assumed the appearance of a pyramid of silver of immeasurable base. I stopped in mute amazement, doubtful of what I beheld. Day gently broke, and the tops of distant mountains glittered in the early beams ; the sun then rose, or rather rushed upon the silent world in a full blazing flood of morning splendour ; and at the same moment the stupendous Ilimani, the giant of the Andes, in all the pomp of mountain majesty, burst upon my view.

(SIR EDMUND TEMPLE.)

128.—CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christmas time! There was no doubt about it. Everybody and everything savoured of it. The light of Christmas fires shone and gleamed through the closely curtained windows, with many leaps, sending a shower of golden sparks up dark chimneys, to emerge more bright and dazzling than ever, in the clear frosty air, like fleeting souls hastening through the gloom and cares of life to shine in higher regions. 'Christmas!' cried the bells, as they pealed softly through the still night air; 'Christmas!' 'merry Christmas!' 'Christmas!' 'merry Christmas!' so merrily and cheerfully that he must have been a really stony heart who did not echo it, too, from sheer sympathy. 'Christmas!' murmured the dark river, as it lapped against the buttresses of the old stone bridge, and then sped away with many a secret in its gloomy bosom, to the sea, where, in company with many others of its race, it murmured still of Christmas; and 'Christmas-time,' pleaded inebriated gentlemen when questioned by stern policemen as to why they were sitting in frozen gutters at midnight. For that one day a sort of universal truce seemed to be established. Creditors forgot their debtors, debtors forgot their creditors; wives forgot to scold, husbands to abuse, and young husbands forgot their mothers-in-law, which was, perhaps, the hardest of all. Conservatives and Liberals, Churchmen and Dissenters, 'old boy'd' and 'old fellow'd' each other to their hearts' content, and the plea for all was 'Christmas!'

(PERCY MAPLETON, alias LEFROY.¹)

129.—THE CHILD IN THE FOREST.

The child laid himself down to sleep, for he was very tired; but he could not sleep, for his couch of moss was quite another thing than his little bed, and the cave was all strange to him. He turned himself on one side and then on the other, and as nothing would do, he raised himself and sat upright, to wait till sleep might choose to come. But sleep would not come at all;—and the only wakeful eyes in the whole wood were the child's. For the harebells had rung themselves weary, and the fire-flies had flown about till they were tired, and even the dragon-fly, who would fain have kept watch in front of the cave, had dropped sound asleep. The wood grew stiller and stiller; here and there fell a dry leaf which had been driven from its old dwelling-place by a fresh one; here and there a young bird gave a soft chirp when its mother squeezed it in the nest;—and from time to time a gnat hummed for a minute or two in the curtain, till a spider crept on tip-toe along its web,

¹Hanged for the murder of Mr. Gold, 27 June, 1881.

and gave him such a gripe in the wind-pipe as soon spoiled his trumpeting.

And the deeper the silence became, the more intently did the child listen, and at last the slightest sound thrilled him from head to foot. At length, all was still as death in the wood; and the world seemed as if it never would wake again. The child bent forward to see whether it were as dark abroad as in the cave, but he saw nothing save the pitch-dark night, who had wrapped everything in her thick veil. Yet as he looked upwards his eyes met the friendly glance of two or three stars, and this was a most joyful surprise to him, for he felt himself no longer so entirely alone. The stars were indeed far, far away, but yet he knew them and they knew him; for they looked into his eyes. The child's whole soul was fixed in his gaze; and it seemed to him as if he must needs fly out of the darksome cave thither, where the stars were beaming with such pure and serene light; and he felt how poor and lowly he was, when he thought of their brilliancy; and how cramped and fettered, when he thought of their free unbounded course along the heavens.

(CAROVÉ, *Story without an End.*)

130.—FLEMISH SCENE.

The beautiful rapid river, foaming by mill and weir; and the hay-fields, with their grand elms and walnuts; and the high hills, where the pines grew, and the one little sunny paved street, with the village fountain at the end, where the women gossiped and the big-belled horses drank—these were the first things on which her eyes had opened, and made the first pictures that her mind remembered. A brown-frocked monk, a grey-frocked nun, a cowherd with his cattle, a wagon with its team, a group of women with their burden of linen, going to the washing places in the river—these were all that passed up and down the hilly road between the double row of tall bird-filled aspens; the little place was sunny, sleepy, very still, but it was lovely, bosomed deep in fragrant woods and watered by the Meuse.

And then what a world of wonders lay around! the primroses, the blue jays, the leaping trout, the passing boats, the foxes that stole out almost familiarly, the squirrel swinging in the nut thickets of the hills, the charcoal-burners coming down rough and black to tell tales of bears and wolves high up above, the great Flemish cart-horses walking solemnly in state caparison outward on the high roads to France and Prussia, the red lurid glow far away in the evening sky, which told where the iron-blasters of stern, fierce Liège were at work—these were wonders enough for a thousand years, or at least, for a young child to think them so.

(OUIDA.)

131.—DEATH OF ALWYN.

The next morning dawned pallidly over a sea of grey mist—not a glimpse of the landscape was visible—nothing but a shadowy vastness of floating vapour that moved slowly, fold upon fold, wave upon wave, as though bent upon blotting out the world. A very faint chill light peered through the narrow arched window of the room where Alwyn lay, still wrapped in that profound repose, so like the last sleep from which some of our modern scientists tell us there can be no awakening.

His condition was unchanged; the wan beams of the early day falling across his features intensified their waxen stillness and pallor; the awful majesty of death was upon him,—the pathetic helplessness and perishableness of Body without Spirit. Presently the monastery bell began to ring for matins, and as its clear chime struck through the deep silence, the door opened, and Heliobas, accompanied by another monk, whose gentle countenance and fine soft eyes betokened the serenity of his disposition, entered the apartment. The chapel bell went on tolling slowly, slowly, sending muffled echoes through the fog for some minutes: then it ceased, and a profound stillness reigned.

(MARIE CORELLI, *Adath.*)

132.—A DUST-STORM IN INDIA.

There was every indication of a dust-storm, though the sun still shone brilliantly. The hot wind had become wild and rampant. It was whipping up the sandy coating of the plain in every direction. High in the air were seen whirling spires and cones of sand—a curious effect against the deep blue sky. Below, puffs of sand were breaking out of the plain in every direction, as though the plain were alive with invisible horsemen. These sandy cloudlets were instantly dissipated by the wind; it was the larger clouds that were lifted whole into the air, and the larger clouds of sand were becoming more and more the rule.

Alfred's eyes, quickly scanning the horizon, descried the roof of the boundary-rider's hut still gleaming in the sunlight. He remembered the hut well. It could not be farther than four miles, if as much as that, from this point of the track. He also knew these dust-storms of old; Bindarra was notorious for them. Without thinking twice, Alfred put spurs to his horse and headed for the hut. Before he had ridden half the distance, the detached clouds of sand banded together into one dense whirlwind, and it was only owing to his horse's instinct that he did not ride wide of the hut altogether; for, during the last half-mile, he never saw the hut until its outline loomed suddenly over his horse's ears, and by then the sun was invisible.

133.—A GLOOMY DAY.

A brief though violent thunderstorm which had raged over the city was passing away ; but still, though the rain had ceased more than an hour before, wild piles of dark and coppery clouds, in which a fierce and rayless glow was labouring, gigantically overhung the grotesque and huddled vista of dwarf houses, and, high over the low misty confusion of gables and chimneys, spread a pall of leprous blue, suffused with blotches of dull and glistening yellow and with black plague-spots of vapour, among which faint lightning played.

Thunder, still muttering in the close and sultry air, kept the scared dwellers in the street within, behind their closed shutters ; and, all deserted, cowed, dejected, squalid, like poor stupid top-heavy things that had felt the wrath of the summer tempest, stood the drenched structures on either side of the narrow and crooked way, ghastly and picturesque under the giant canopy. Rain dripped wretchedly in slow drops of melancholy sound from their projecting eaves upon the broken flagging, and lay there in pools or trickled into the swollen drains, where the fallen torrent sullenly gurgled on its way to the river.

134.—DAWN ON CAUCASUS.

The monastery was always a very silent habitation,—situated as it was on so lofty and barren a crag, it was beyond the singing reach of the smaller sweet-throated birds—now and then an eagle clove the mist with a whirl of wings and a discordant scream on his way towards some distant mountain eyrie—but no other sound of awakening life broke the hush of the slowly-widening dawn. By-and-by a change began to thrill mysteriously through the atmosphere, like the flowing of amber wine through crystal—the heavy vapours shuddered together as though suddenly lashed by a whip of flame,—they rose, swayed to and fro, and parted asunder—then, dissolving into thin, milk-white veils of fleecy film, they floated away, disclosing as they vanished, the giant summits of the encircling mountains, that lifted themselves to the light one above another in the form of frozen billows. Over these a delicate pink flush flitted in tremulous wavy lines—long arrows of gold began to pierce the tender shimmering blue of the sky,—soft puffs of cloud tinged with vivid crimson and pale green were strewn along the eastern horizon like flowers in the path of an advancing hero,—and then all at once there was a slight cessation of movement in the heavens—an attentive pause as though the whole Universe waited for some splendour as yet unrevealed. That splendour came ; in a red blaze of triumph the Sun rose, pouring a shower of beamy brilliancy over the white vastness of the heights covered with perpetual snow ;—jagged peaks, as sharp as scimitars and sparkling with ice, caught fire, and seemed to melt away in an absorbing sea of radiance,—the waiting clouds moved on, redecked in deeper hues of royal purple, and the full Morning glory was declared.

(MARIE CORELLI, *Ardati*.)

135.—FAIRYLAND.

Keen autumn's finger by a withering touch transforms the outline of our Flower-land. Chill mists creep over the garden to ring the knell of fair and radiant blooms ; the blighting breath of winter's harbinger making hard mockery of the dead, gone summer. How fast the world speeds on—how quickly

'The Spring, the Summer,
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted liveries!'¹

The gathering gloom, the evening dew, the nipping air mark the swift pacing of the calendar, showing how Time, in his untiring zest, scurries past milestones on the road of life. In peaceful hamlet and in roaring town the darkening hours and cold-increasing days carry us onward to the fairy noontide. For 'tis not when 'cuckoo-buds of yellow hue do paint the meadows' of existence 'with delight' that gnome and pixie, sprite and elf, take up abiding habitations in our hearts. Our falling years are Oberon's hunting-ground ; our later days Titania's revelry. It were otherwise were the plan well ordered, for fairies should come in the spring-time, to depart with the swallows, returning anon when earth has once more renounced her drear and sable mantle. Puck played his tricks at Midsummer, and airy Peaseblossom did good Master Bottom courtesies in balmy even-tide. We tread in youth sweet, green carpets under the eye of heaven, without a thought of the elves who flit across them in the slumberous hours.

It is only when darkness and the cold come that our neglected ideals spring up to tantalise us ; it is only in the sere and yellow leaf that we fully appraise the virtues and graces of those never-failing friends, whom our forefathers—grown old—loved before us, and countless generations of children—grown old also—will love after us. We die as we are grasping the rudiments of life's education ; we are waxing in years when we develop a full affection for the fairies, often cold-shouldered in the times when they should have been our chiefest joy. Winter—the last season—is the fairy's noon-tide. It is then that she really lays hold of the heart and makes her power supreme and absolute. Reasoning love is impossible to childhood. Only in matured manhood can it be felt. The fairy means well to the child ; the child is too crude to understand the fairy. And herein lies one of the greatest of ironies—that a man should be fast travelling to his grave, with fifty years of sin and sorrow between himself and infancy, ere he awakens to an appreciation of pleasures, nominally destined to cheer and comfort apprenticeship in that hardest of all workshops—the workshop of Life !

¹ Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene I.

136.—VILLAGE LIFE.

In the slow and dreamy life of our village the waters of existence flow on without ripple or ruffle. We live in a small country—overcrowded, we are told, congested in physical and industrial aspects, and offering a fierce battle-ground for contending interests of rival toilers. Merry England may have laid just claim to mirth in the dead and bygone years, but the stress of the fight for very life has killed the uppermost instinctive craving for rational enjoyment, and reduced us to a severely serious and practical nation. The smaller the community the greater the happiness, for if you enlarge the area of humanity you increase its troubles, and the stronger the influence of mind and soul-weariness, the weaker the grasp of the hand of pleasure. Civilisation, steam, and the railroad have worked ill for our villages, for they have wrecked the old pastimes and made the new unattainable. Before the population of this island had doubled and trebled itself the village was contented and happy. It lay within itself, shut off and shut in from the outer world, whose larger dealings percolated into it by the slow process of dreary time. The iron-horse, the electric wire, the daily or weekly gazetteer were unknown, and the village ploughed on throughout the years, loyal to the more or less beneficent rule of the lord of the manor and the parson. Few lived there, and those who did were slumberously self-sufficient. The harvest home, the bull-baiting, the sports on the green, constituted the sum total of annual delights, and to enthusiasts a combat between two well-spurred warriors in a cock-pit was a pastime fit for kings. That is gone now. The village is placed in immediate touch with the hustling and striving beyond. It can read of functions and festivities, whereof ignorance were bliss. The young cultivate the deadly and treacherous fruits of dissatisfaction and ambiguous ambition, and where the old are reconciled to a jog-trot round, the new see only stagnation and unrest.

137.—THE WEALTH OF POVERTY.

I draw from the portfolio of memory the recollection of a man who, more than any other, taught me in early days how very slightly human happiness depends on material possessions. The tendency of this age is, it may be feared, to take the other view too strongly. If you will listen to the persons who make most noise on behalf of the working classes, and do least for them, you would incline to believe that another penny per hour more, or another hour of labour per day less, must make all the difference between misery and felicity. Is it not rather true that a man's life or a woman's life depends for true happiness upon the inner nature with which they are born, or to which they have educated themselves; for in all ranks and under all circumstances, people can train and form their temperaments as easily as they can make

a scarlet-runner climb up on strings. Everybody has so much realised wealth to start with; even if there should be no silver spoon ready to his mouth. Think only of the wonderful and beautiful body, with all its inherited developments of exquisite adaptation to common uses and daily delights. Why need the poorest girl or boy envy the millionaire's steam-yacht, or the jewelled opera-glass of the duchess, when they have got their five senses in perfect order, with such machinery as engineers can only marvel at, and possess eyes—be they blue, or grey, or brown or black—to see with.

Over everybody's head is daily built a roof so glorious, so various, so arabesqued with fleecy clouds and filmy mists, that fresco-painted vaults of princely halls are daubs to it. The fresh air, and the sweet smell of flowers, and the taste of white water to the thirsty mouth, and the flavour of the fresh apple or of bread and cheese when you are hungry; and soft, accommodating, refreshful sleep when you are tired; and beyond them all, the sense—if we will only open heart to it—of the love and mercy and safeguarding of some vast power never to be named, but never to be doubted—all these things are to be had by everybody for nothing, or next to nothing. When the charm of a warm and equable climate is added to such splendid common gifts, one sees whole nations—like the Malays, the Hindoos, and others—quite content with life just as it goes, and only doing such light work as suffices to make to-day feed to-morrow. Our English climate is not so indulgent, and consequently there arise some few artificial but necessary wants here which have to be supplied. But the difference between the pleasures of the rich man and of the poor man need not be nearly so great as envious people pretend. 'The gods sell everything at a fair price,' and the money they take in exchange is not gold and silver, but goodwill, right-heartedness, honest effort to make the best of all circumstances, and reasonable sweetness of disposition. (SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.)

138.—THE LIGHTSHIP.

The storm increased to fury as darkness fell. Richard stood on deck. To the south-west was no light whatever, only purple blackness. To the north, however, was a coppery streak over which hung a whirling, spreading mass of angry vapour, casting down lines of heavy rain in dense bands. Then rapidly the growing darkness wiped out this band of light, and left only the east clear, and the clouds swept overhead like curling waves, and fell beyond, cutting off all sunlight there also, till on all sides nothing was visible but leaping water and shaken foam-heads: and above, a wild hunt of tearing, galloping clouds, lashed by the wind, with now and then a blinding streak of lightning shot through them, stinging them to fresh paroxysms of flying terror. Richard had ascended to the mast's head and kindled the light. The mast was

but low, perhaps fifteen feet above the deck, topped with a huge glass globe, that contained a powerful swinging light. As Richard clung to the mast, he and it and the light swung, and the light described arcs and curves in the sky, against the driving smoky clouds and the gathering night.

Now and again a great wave leaped up, and the swaying lamp irradiated its crest, and glared a glittering eye at it, that was reflected by the angry water, which rushed away under the keel, and threw it aloft, as if diving to get away from the blazing eye. The ship reeled and almost plunged its fire-point in the water; it tantalised the waves with it; it heeled almost to overbalance, and held the light over some hissing, hungry wave, which gathered itself together, rose at it to snap, and suddenly, with a whish and a streak of fiery ribbon, away went the luminous globe, and the wave roared and tore itself to ragged foam in rage at being balked. Then a gull hovered in the radiancy of the lamp, beating its long white wings about it, coming out of the darkness and spray-dust, that filled the air, and disappearing back into it again, as man comes out of the Unknown, flickers a little span in the light of Life, and dives back into the Unknown.

139.—VIEW FROM THE RIGI.

The view, looking sheer down into the broad valley, eastward, from this great elevation, almost a perpendicular mile, was very quaint and curious. Counties, towns, hilly ribs and ridges, wide stretches of green meadow, great forest tracts, winding streams, a dozen blue lakes, a flock of busy steamboats; we saw all this little world in unique circumstantiality of detail, saw it just as the birds see it, and all reduced to the smallest of scales and as sharply worked out and finished as a steel engraving. The numerous toy villages, with tiny spires projecting out of them, were just as the children might have left them, when done with play the day before; the forest tracts were diminished to cushions of moss; one or two big lakes were dwarfed to ponds, the smaller ones to puddles, though they did not look like puddles but like blue ear-drops which had fallen and lodged in slight depressions, conformable to their shapes, among the moss-beds and the smooth levels of dainty farm land; the microscopic steamboats glided along as if in a city reservoir, taking a mighty time to cover the distance between ports which seemed only a yard apart; and the isthmus which separated two lakes looked as if one might stretch out on it and lie with both elbows in the water, yet we knew invisible wagons were toiling across it and finding the distance a tedious one. This beautiful miniature world had exactly the appearance of those relief-maps which reproduce nature precisely, with the heights and depressions and other details graduated to a reduced scale, and with the rocks, trees, lakes, coloured after nature.

(MARK TWAIN, *A Tramp Abroad.*)

140.—BELLS IN THE COUNTRY.

On the other side of the valley a group of red roofs and a belfry showed among the foliage. Thence some inspired bell-ringer made the afternoon musical on a chime of bells. There was something very sweet and taking in the air he played; and we thought we had never heard bells speak so intelligibly, or sing so melodiously as these. It must have been to some such measure that the spinners and the young maids sang 'Come away, Death,' in the Shakespearian *Illyria*. There is so often a threatening note, something blatant and metallic, in the voice of bells, that I believe we have fully more pain than pleasure from hearing them; but these, as they sounded abroad, now high, now low, now with a plaintive cadence that caught the ear, like the burthen of a popular song, were always moderate and tunable, and seemed to fall in with the spirit of still, rustic places, like the noise of a waterfall or the babble of a rockery in spring. I could have asked the bell-ringer for his blessing, good, sedate old man, who swung the rope so gently to the time of his meditations.

I felt grateful that they had left these sweet old bells to gladden the afternoon, and not rigged up a peal of brand-new, brazen, Birmingham-hearted substitutes, who should bombard their sides to the provocation of a brand-new bell-ringer, and fill the echoes of the valley with terror and riot.

At last the bells ceased, and with their notes the sun withdrew. The piece was at an end; shadow and silence possessed the valley of the Oise.

(From R. L. STEVENSON, *Inland Voyage*.)

141.—THE TAJ-MAHAL.

It was only late last summer, before the roses and lemon-scented verbenas were quite dead, that, sitting in a Regent's Park garden under the 'dreaming garden trees,' a dear friend tried to explain to me the glories of, and the poetic imaginings surrounding, the Taj Mahal. But no mere photograph, no chance description or rhapsody can convey any idea of the consummate grace, the transcendent beauty, or the matchless purity of this marvellous monument. The idea of the structure and the cause that gave it to an admiring world are, no doubt, beautiful enough, but the reality transcends the idea—the result exceeds the ideal. You know, perhaps, that in the India of old times, it was the custom to turn a lordly dwelling-house into a still more costly tomb. Where a man had lived, there he would rest. Where he had feasted there he would repose until the end of time. Where his friends had assembled to break bread with him, there they were to come to stand and admire his embellished tomb.

‘What is this?’ I ask, as the carriage suddenly stops before a marble gateway, a flight of marble steps, a marble court-yard, a marble hall, countless marble minarets, and a marble vault—another tomb! They are all the same shape, nearly all of the same design, some of marble alone, some of marble mixed with red sandstone; some of excellent, many of inferior design; but when once you have seen one, you have, to a certain extent, seen all and been convinced what pride the departed took in advertising to posterity their wealth and grandeur. Where a man lived there he was to be buried; where he entertained there he was mourned; the home of revelry was turned into a house of silence.

But it was a more beautiful idea still that inspired the Emperor Shah Jehan when he determined, in the year 1630, to dedicate to Love, and to Love alone, the most costly and wonderful palace that the world has ever known or seen. On the marble front of the Taj Mahal, in jewelled letters might be written ‘Love is mightier than Death.’ And this was the theory of the Emperor Shah Jehan. Loving one woman beyond all rubies, considering her memory to be priceless, so did he determine to erect in her eternal honour, a marble and costly tomb that should speak of his adored consort beyond the centuries. ‘As my wife,’ quoth the Emperor Shah Jehan, ‘was the loveliest and most priceless amongst women, so shall her tomb be the most priceless and wonderful in the world’; and thus it has proved. But the wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan, this ‘pearl beyond price,’ had no house of revelry that could be turned into a resting-place of love. But she had a garden of roses and lilies by the side of the sacred Jumna river, a garden that looked across to the fort and palaces of Agra, a garden most dear to the Emperor and his beloved wife; and here, in this garden, the sorrow-stricken husband determined to build in marble, and to inlay with precious stones, the costliest and most beautiful tomb that imagination could conceive or wealth purchase, dedicated to conjugal Love! Solomon in all his glory had no such ideas of magnificence as the Emperor Shah Jehan. Thousands and thousands of workmen were compelled to construct and a Florentine artist hired to design; and even then the Taj Mahal was only to be the beginning of a far vaster and more costly scheme, that included another tomb for the husband across the river, annexed to the wife’s by a silver bridge. But fate and circumstance decreed that this should not be, so in the Taj Mahal rest side by side these married lovers under a canopy that is the admiration of the whole civilised world.

(CLEMENT SCOTT.)

142.—THE MEDWAY.

In the wide open waters of the Thames and Medway mouths, where these 'little people of the sea'—the sprat smacks and borleys—gather in humble fleets, there shows no such majesty of the element as Victor Hugo has so wonderfully described in his '*Travailleurs de la Mer*.' No wild play of billows occurs among such rocks and caverns and rugged reefs as the great French poet has painted. No iron-bound coasts arise with a fierce line of leaping breakers at their feet. There are no mysterious caverns full of sea secrets, where dead men are lost to sight, and marine monsters lurk. The shores are almost everywhere low-lying saltings and marshes, of immense expanse, of monotonous character, of the most desolate and lonely scenery which could be imagined. Interminable creeks and ditches intersect these salt and sour meadows of the North Sea; their waving growth of weeds and rushes is the breeding places of wild fowl; their muddy banks are perforated everywhere with the holes of myriads and myriads of crabs, which, along with water-rats, shrimps, and small flat fish, tenant the melancholy streams. These prodigious wastes of rank sea-grass, samphire, and salted mud—especially where they lie outside the sea-walls—are so solitary that it seems 'a land where no man comes, or hath come since the making of the world.' Many and many such a tract exists within sixty miles of London town amongst these amphibious wastes, half water and half gull's ground, where a man can be more alone than in the desert of Sahara. He might die there, and remain longer undisturbed than if his bones had been deposited on a reef of the Roccas, or a cay of the Bahamas, or a sand-bank of the Pescadores. And they possess their own dangers, too, these nameless, unvisited, far-extending saltings of the Kent and Essex and Suffolk coasts—dangers to landmen as well as to seamen.

There is a place I remember where a vast, flat, lonely outlying island is cut off from the mainland by a broad strait, miles across, which goes dry at low tide, but fills up on each flood, and, at spring-tides especially, runs very deep and strong. The spot is well known, and the track across the sands is marked with willow-poles planted here and there, if the winds and waves have not carried them adrift. The spratters and shrimp-boats sometimes steal up this passage on the flood, and a barge or two may blunder through it for a short cut. But ordinarily the place is as lonely as any sea-front at Cape Horn, its solitude intensified by the wail of the gulls, the cry of the curlew and peewit, and the croak of some crow flying homewards, full of cockles. Woe to the wild-fowl shooter or belated traveller who comes to that passage—that dry strait of sand—without knowing its peculiarities! He would think nothing safer or simpler. There is the wide yellow stretch of apparently firm crossing; upon it, perhaps, the track of foot-

marks or the impression of wheel ruts. Beyond, a few miles away, rises dimly the green outline of the Essex farms and woods. The light is good, the sea is down ; why should he not go over ? But he will cross at peril unless he notes the time of the flood-tide and the direction of the wind, for the speciality of the spot is terrible. It will beguile you to the passage, and then midway, before you can see the far edge of the flood-tide making, or hear the low hissing murmur of it creeping into the creeks, the sands under your feet will suddenly become wet, glistening, sodden ; the sea will enter, as it were, from beneath ; the ground which was firm becomes shivering and soft ; and when the tide makes, it will come sweeping in breast deep, neck deep ; at last sometimes, and in places, overhead, with volume enough to drown not only a pedestrian, but even a horse and cart with its driver.

(SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.)

143.—THE MUCKLE FLUGGA.

Nevertheless, it is just possible, even here, to get beyond the reach of the telegraphic wire ; and the desire of doing so may perhaps lend an additional attraction to the most interesting excursion to be made in Shetland. A mile or so out at sea, beyond the most northerly promontory of this most northerly island of the archipelago, a 'stack' of rock as precipitous as the cone of the Matterhorn, lifts its frowning head above the waters of the North Sea. Viewing it from a few miles' distance, you would say that it scarce supplied foothold for a seagull ; but, looking at it more intently, you will see a thin white streak—as thin and white as a peeled willow wand—planted on its summit. It is the lighthouse of the Muckle Flugga—the furthest outpost of that great army of beacons which wage their silent warfare night by night with the seas that besiege our coasts. Nowhere have we carried the war so far into the enemy's country, or affronted him with a more daring challenge. Here on this jagged fang of rock, and rising sixty feet above the apex of the sheer precipice on which it has been so miraculously erected, the Unst Light keeps watch and ward amid a world of the stormiest waters that rage anywhere around our tempest-beaten isles. It was a comparatively calm day when we put out from the lighthouse station at the head of Burra Frith to visit the Muckle Flugga ; but positive assurance of a landing on the rock was not, nor is it ever, to be had.

In what, to a landsman, would seem 'halcyon weather,' and on a day when the caves and cliffs of the mainland are being washed by only 'Such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound or foam,'¹ it is many a time found impossible for would-be visitors to land. That softly-lapping sea, whose waves have hardly strength to curl and break upon the shingle, may be surging in a

¹Tennyson, *Crossing the Bar*.

heavy-mounded swell over the dripping boulders of the rock, and breaking in surf against its iron walls. Still, there was good hope for us to-day, so far as all expert forecasts went; and better hope still, in that we had the medical officer of the island with us in the boat. The time was near at hand for one of his periodical visits of inspection to the lighthouse, and he had seized the opportunity of joining our expedition, and taking advantage of the favourable weather which had tempted us to embark upon it. It takes a pretty bad day, of course, to keep the ordinary relief parties ashore. They habitually come and go, in states of the sea in which hired boatmen would decline the responsibility of attempting to land the casual tourist. But the doctor, who has doubtless discharged his inspecting duty on many a day of dirty weather, would assuredly be 'delivered' on the rock this afternoon, if delivery were at all practicable; and there seemed a fair chance that a point might be strained in our favour as his companions. So that we started on our enterprise with exceptionally fair promise of bringing it to a successful issue. (H. D. TRAILL.)

144.—THE SWASHBUCKLER (PORTRAIT).

The Swashbuckler was bony, cadaverous, swarthy, and shrivelled like a gallows' corpse in summer. His hide resembled parchment glued upon a bag of bones, and his long hooked nose, like a bird of prey's beak, with its narrow bridge as shiny as horn, jutted out for a party wall betwixt the two halves of his visage that was sharply pointed as a shuttle tip, and still more lengthened by a peaked imperial. These twin sidefaces, joined to correspond, had much ado to make one complete countenance; and to find houseroom for themselves in it, the eyes took a Chinese slant upwards to the temples. His half-shaven eyebrows, curved like black commas, overhung a restless eye, and his inordinately long moustaches, with both tips sticky and stiffened by some cosmetic, curled upwards in a curve, like daggers pointing skywards. His ears stood out from his head, giving it a tolerably good resemblance to a two-handled tankard, and making him a fair mark for tweaks and fillips.

All these exaggerated features more in keeping with caricature than with nature, might have been carved by a whimsical fancy on some rebec handle, or copied from those fantastic fowls and night-mare beasts smacking of Pantagruel, that twirl of evenings from pastrycooks' lanterns. His braggadocio grimaces had at last grown to be his everyday expression of features, and, when off the stage, he would stride along with legs wide-open like a pair of compasses, head thrown back, right fist on hip, and left hand on the shell-guard of his sword. A buff jerkin, padded out like a breast-plate, bedizened with green, and scored,

Spanish fashion, with slashes following the lines of the ribs ; a starched ruff with framework of steel wires and pasteboard, as big as the Round Table, and large enough to dine the Twelve Knights comfortably ; puffed trunk-hose trussed with tags ; white Russian leather boots, in which his spindle-shanks wobbled like flutes in their case when the village musician is taking them home ; and a ridiculously long rapier, his inseparable companion, with a basket hilt of steel full fifty pounds in weight, completed the rascal's outfit. Over this equipment, to make a more gallant show, he flung the folds of a cloak, the edge of which was hitched up by his sword. To leave nothing unnoticed, we may observe that a brace of cockfeathers, branching in opposite directions like a helmet-crest, grotesquely embellished his grey felt-hat that tapered to a point for all the world like a jelly-bag. *(Transl. from GAUTIER.)*¹

¹Journal of Education (with emendations)

APPENDIX.

POETRY.

145.—COME BACK TO ME.

Alone upon the housetops, to the North
 I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,—
 The glamour of thy footsteps in the North,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid
 Far, far, below the weary camels lie,—
 The camels and the captives of thy raid.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
 And drudge of all my father's house am I.—
 My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

(RUDYARD KIPLING, *Plain Tales from the Hills :
 Beyond the Pale.*)

146.—KING ARTHUR.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur : ' Place me in the barge,'
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 And she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud.
 (TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur.*)

147.—ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel :—I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life.

(TENNYSON.)

148.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies : God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state

Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

(J. MILTON.)

149.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

.
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

 Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?
(JOHN KEATS.)

150.—HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !
 And after April, when May follows
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !
(ROBERT BROWNING.)

151.—MACBETH.

(On hearing the death of Lady Macbeth.)

She should have died hereafter ;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

(SHAKESPEARE, Macbeth, Act v., Scene 5.)

152.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
 To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the scorns and whips of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

(SHAKESPEARE, Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.)

COMMERCIAL.

153.—BUSINESS LETTER.

A. LEGENDRE & Co.,

*Publishers,*15, Rue de Fleurus,
Paris, (VI^e).

December 20th, 1902.

Telephone No. 708.99

Telegraphic Address : Legen, Paris.

Bureau No. 4.D.P.

(Please quote this No. in your reply.)

Sir,

We have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 18th inst., enclosing cheque for 117 fr. 50, in payment of our account dated February 15th which we return herewith receipted.

Assuring you of our best attention to any orders with which you may favour us,

We are, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

per pro. A. Legendre & Co.,
H. Moine.

S. Desgranges, Esq., London.

154.—BUSINESS LETTER.

London, July 28th, '03.

Dear Sir,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 10th inst.

We duly note your various consignments per s/s "Oriental," and are glad you have not shipped the rags, owing to the quarantine difficulties on the Continent.

There will be a heavy general average claim on your wheat ex "Carthage;" we have paid the deposit to obtain release of the cargo and will send you a detailed account when we receive the average statement.

The grain market as regards wheat is dull and prices are weaker with very limited business.

Cotton has also been dull but opened to-day at one to three points over Saturday's prices and the improvement was maintained on shorts covering and a liberal export demand.

The Bank rate has been reduced to 2 per cent. and a long period of cheap money appears inevitable.

Yours truly,

H. Johns & Co.

155.—SHIPPING AGENT'S LETTER.

Dear Sir,

We have received your letter of the 20th ult., and have withdrawn the various enclosures as stated, including one bill at 60 days' date for £567 3s. 4d. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of £3,000, by telegraphic transfer on the 5th instant. The markets are generally in a very depressed condition, and in nearly every instance there has been a sharp fall in prices, with no immediate prospect of recovery. As regards your enquiry for coals, we cannot quote you including cost, freight, and insurance, but should be glad to do so free on board, and to charter tonnage to meet your requirements and we wait your advice as to whether this would suit you.

Yours truly,
X. Y.

156.—BROKER'S LETTER.

Sir,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 30th ult. We sent you a short time since the particulars of one of the very best investments that any firm of brokers could possibly offer to the notice of the investing public, and if you have not acted upon it you have overlooked a golden opportunity. Our object in writing to you was not for the purpose of trapping you into a specious undertaking, detrimental to your interests and consequently most damaging to our reputation, but rather to direct your attention to what we believe to be a certain channel of making money, and to give advice which would re-act to our credit. We have now been established in the City of London as brokers nearly a quarter of a century, and it is against our interest to recommend the public to buy rubbish. The more money the public make through our recommendations, the more our business grows.

We can deal with you for prompt cash; for settlement on the next settling day: or for the purpose of carrying on from account to account:—whichever way suits best the requirements of clients who favour us with their orders.

Do not delay: buy now whilst the shares are cheap; do not wait until they are £10 each.

Believe us to remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

X., Y., & Co.

157.—MINING MARKET.

The settlement being over, the market in gold mining shares has again assumed a better tone; but business remains inactive, the high rates for contangoes having made speculators cautious. This is however not a bad feature. Speculators, and by that we mean people who operate for the account without any intention of taking up the stocks they buy, only damage mining securities by unduly affecting prices whether in an upward or downward direction. Of this we have had far too many instances during the last four years.

Gold mining shares are industrial securities which should be watched and put away in view of future improvement. But this improvement cannot be realized from one day to another and, as the time approaches when the mining developments actually effected begin to bring dividends within reach, prices rise gradually. To secure a large increase in value it is necessary therefore to look well ahead and be able to wait, in spite of unfavourable events which may always occur, until the improvement foreseen is realized. The only way of fulfilling these conditions, is to take delivery of the shares you buy and to lock them up until the time has come to sell them again. If this plan were always adopted many disappointments would be avoided.

158.—COMPANIES' DIVIDENDS.

Besides it was expected that this would happen, and that the dividend would be reduced to a certain extent; nevertheless a reduction to less than half has caused some surprise, especially as the company had paid, in January, the usual instalment of 25 francs interim dividend on the preference shares, so that the next July coupon will be only 5 francs per share. Consequently the shares, already much affected by the fall, have undergone a further and very marked reaction.

That this should have happened is quite natural, but it must not be overlooked however that the Omnibus Company has realisable assets, one might say liquidation assets, amounting to much more than its capital figures. Only let the company reach the term of its existence even without earning any profits beyond the amount necessary to pay off in ordinary course its redeemable debentures and shares, and the position of its 34,000 redeemed shares will be very excellent at the termination of the concession, since the real assets by themselves alone, free from all debt, would represent for each share a value of 2,000 francs.

Opinions of the Press, etc., on PROF SPIERS' WORKS.

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PROF. AM. SALMON.

*Collaborateur et Continuateur du
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le représente assez mal. Mais le comte Labinski n'avait pas profité de cette licence; l'ovale un peu allongé de sa figure, son nez mince, d'une coupe hardie et fine, sa lèvre fermement dessinée, qu'accentuait une moustache blonde aiguisée à ses pointes, son menton relevé et frappé d'une fossette, ses yeux noirs, lui donnaient l'air d'un de ces anges guerriers, saint Michel ou Raphaël, qui combattent le démon, revêtus d'armures d'or. Il eût été trop beau sans l'éclair mâle de ses sombres prunelles et la couche hâlée que le soleil d'Asie avait déposée sur ses traits.

Le comte était de taille moyenne, mince, svelte, nerveux, cachant des muscles d'acier sous une apparente délicatesse; et lorsque, dans quelque bal d'ambassade, il revêtait son costume de magnat, tout chamarré d'or, tout étoilé de diamants, tout brodé de perles, il passait parmi les groupes comme une apparition étincelante. . . . Nous n'ajoutons pas que le comte possédait les dons de l'esprit comme ceux du corps; les fées bienveillantes l'en avaient doué à son berceau, et la méchante sorcière qui gâte tout s'était montrée de bonne humeur ce jour-là. (GAUTIER.)

111.—EN AVAL!

La périssière ne pesait pas plus qu'une feuille dans le courant, qui s'en saisit, la secoua, et l'emporta triomphant comme un centaure qui enlève une nymphe; pour diriger notre course il fallait travailler sans repos ni trêve à la pagaie.

Le torrent était si pressé d'arriver à la mer! Chaque goutte d'eau courait saisie d'une terreur panique, comme autant de gens dans un sauve-qui-peut. Mais quelle foule fut jamais si nombreuse ou si unanime? Tous les objets sur les rives passaient emportés comme dans un tourbillon de valse (1); les yeux luttaient de vitesse avec la course vertigineuse du torrent. Les exigences de chaque moment tenaient nos nerfs si tendus, que notre être même en vibrait comme un instrument bien accordé; et le sang, secouant sa léthargie fuyait à travers le réseau des veines et des artères, et allait et venait dans le cœur comme si la circulation n'était qu'un voyage de fête et non la corvée journalière de soixante et dix années. Les roseaux avaient beau branler de la tête pour nous mettre sur nos gardes, et nous dire de leurs gestes tremblants que le torrent était aussi cruel qu'il était fort et froid, et que la mort rôdait sous les remous de la saulée: les roseaux ne pouvaient bouger de leur place, et ceux qui ne bougent pas ne font jamais que des conseillers timides.

Quant à nous, nous aurions pu crier (2) à tue-tête. Si ce torrent si beau et si riant, était en effet un piège que nous tendait la mort, la vieille coquine à face blême (3) en était bien pour ses frais; car pour chaque minute j'en vivais trois; je marquais des points contre elle à chaque coup de pagaie, à chaque coude du torrent. J'ai bien rarement tiré meilleur parti de la vie.

(1) or galop échevelé.

(2) or nous nous tenions à quatre pour ne pas crier. (3) or la camarade.

112.—TRISTESSE.

Durant les joyeuses veillées où l'on épluche le maïs, où l'on écale les noix, les soirs de battage, de vendanges, alors que les autres fillettes, riaient, jasaient, écoutaient, l'œil arrondi par une attention profonde, quelque conte du vieux temps, ou bien accompagnaient en chœur quelque chanson qu'un galant grattait sur sa guitare, elle se tenait seule dans un coin rêvant, rêvant toujours de la couronne d'or, toujours du peuple à genoux. Elle aimait autant emporter sa part de besogne au grenier. Ouvrant son volet de bois, elle égrenait le maïs, elle écalait les noix au clair de la lune; et tantôt elle la contemplait, tantôt son regard pensif plongeait dans la vallée sombre et silencieuse, tantôt il se levait vers les montagnes argentées qui touchaient aux nuages; quand les accords amoureux de la guitare parvenaient d'en bas jusqu'à elle, son sourcil se fronçait, elle se sentait triste et irritée; son lot ici-bas lui pesait; il n'y a pas de fièvre dans la vie qui soit pire que celle-là.

(*Transl.* REVUE DES DEUX MONDES).

N.B. Would = used to.

113.—L'ÉTABLE EN ÉTÉ.

Assise sur un escabeau, elle se mit à traire ses trois vaches en silence; après quoi elle mesura le lait et le versa dans des brocs qu'elle remit au gamin chargé de le porter en ville, et qui, baillant et grommelant, venait d'apparaître avec sa mule attelée à une vieille charrette vermoulue. Puis elle prit sa faucille, jeta une corde sur son épaule et s'en alla faire de l'herbe pour ses bêtes; car, tant que l'été bat son plein, on ne laisse jamais sortir de l'étable les pauvres bestiaux de ces parages; on craint trop qu'ils ne broutent le blé avant sa maturité ou qu'ils ne grignotent les grappes encore vertes. Les mois de grande chaleur se succèdent, le pays tout entier n'est que fleurs et feuillage, et ces pauvres souverains du territoire, dépossédés de leur héritage, restent plantés sur leurs quatre pieds dans leurs stalles sombres où ils étouffent, à décharger en longs mugissements la tristesse et l'ennui de leurs cœurs. Elle faisait de son mieux pour adoucir la captivité de ses bêtes à elle, en leur apportant tout ce qu'elle pouvait dérober aux champs, l'herbe la plus savoureuse, les roseaux les plus pleins de sève, les plus succulentes vrilles du liseron et d'autres plantes grimpantes.

. 114.—CHARLES II.

Alors vinrent ces jours dont on ne se souviendra jamais sans rougir, jours de servitude sans fidélité, de sensualité sans amour, de talents imperceptibles et de vices gigantesques, le paradis des cœurs froids et des esprits étroits, l'âge d'or des lâches, des bigots et des esclaves. Le roi rampa devant son rival pour obtenir les moyens

de fouler aux pieds son peuple, descendit jusqu'à être un vice-roi de France, et empocha avec une complaisante infamie (1) ses insultes dégradantes et son or plus dégradant encore. Les caresses des prostituées et les lazzi (2) des bouffons, réglèrent la politique de l'état. Le gouvernement eut juste assez d'habileté pour tromper, et juste assez de religion pour persécuter. Les principes de la liberté furent la risée (3) de tout arlequin de cour, l'anathème de tout valet d'église. Dans tous les hauts lieux on rendit culte et hommage à Charles et à Jacques, à Béliar et à Moloch (4); et l'Angleterre apaisa ces obscènes et cruelles idoles avec le sang des meilleurs et des plus braves de ses enfants. Le crime succéda au crime, la honte à la honte, jusqu'à ce que la race maudite de Dieu et des hommes fût une seconde fois chassée pour errer sur la face de la terre, pour servir de proverbe aux peuples, et pour être montrée [au doigt par les nations. [*Transl. by TAINÉ who added:* "Je n'ai pu traduire toutes les métaphores bibliques de ce morceau." See (4)].

N.B. Sank into a viceroi;—till;—Prepositions;—disgrace;—Sim. Words.

115.—LA CITÉ DES ROIS ENDORMIS.

Il y a un dessin représentant le cimetière de Kirkby Lonsdale, son ruisseau, sa vallée, ses collines, et, au-delà, le ciel enveloppé du matin. Et voici que des écoliers, en bande, insoucieux également et de ces choses et des morts qui les ont quittées pour d'autres vallées et d'autres cieux, ont fait des piles de leurs petits livres sur une tombe pour les démolir à coups de cailloux. Ainsi nous jouons avec les paroles des morts, qui pourraient nous instruire et nous les jetons loin de nous, au gré de notre humeur insouciante et cruelle, ne songeant guère que ces feuilles qu'éparpille le vent furent amoncelées non seulement sur une pierre funéraire, mais bien sur les scellés d'un caveau enchanté... que dis-je? sur la porte d'une grande cité de rois endormis. Ils s'éveilleraient pour nous si nous savions seulement les appeler par leurs noms.

(*Transl. by R. DE LA SIZERANNE. R. des Deux-Mondes.*)

N.B. would;—if.

116.—PAYSAGE D'ITALIE.

Le village a donné son nom aux collines qui le dominant, s'étageant en une succession de mamelons boisés entre lesquels se creusent d'étroites vallées dont on suit les ondulations lointaines du côté de l'occident, jusqu'à cet horizon argenté qui montre que la mer est présente au-delà des pics de Carrare. Le monde ne fait jamais invasion ici; les voyageurs ignorent ce site et ne s'en sou-

(1) *Taine wrote*: infamie complaisante. (2) *Taine translated*: plaisanteries.
(3) *Taine translated*: la dérision. (4) *or* au dieu Priape et au Mirotaure, *or* à Héliogabale et à Tibère.

cieraient pas; les artistes qui l'apprécieraient n'en ont point entendu parler; la large route sablonneuse qui monte parmi les bouquets de châtaigniers ou se déroule sous les pins, n'est foulée que par la mule du bûcheron ou les bœufs du tailleur de pierres. Pendant les plus ardentes chaleurs de l'été, ces collines sont toujours fraîches et d'une belle verdure; des eaux souterraines nourrissent les racines et produisent une flore montagnarde abondante. Les admirables pins d'Italie se dressent par centaines, et à leurs pieds un fouillis de broussailles: chênes rabougris, bruyères de pourpre, genêts dorés. L'air est chargé de senteurs embaumées; à peine entend-on un bruit, sauf celui de la cognée ou du pic qui, hélas! ne se reposent jamais (1) dans ces parages; car les Italiens semblent résolus à détruire tout ce qui leur reste de ces forêts. Les petites vallées ressemblent à des nids d'oiseaux cachés dans le feuillage.

(*Transl.* REVUE DES DEUX-MONDES.)

N.B. would.

117.—LA CAMPAGNE DE ROME.

Peut-être n'est-il pas sur la terre de scène d'un effet plus saisissant que la solitaire étendue de la Campagne de Rome sous les feux du couchant. Que le lecteur se figure être un moment arraché au brouhaha, au train de la vie du monde, et jeté seul, dans cette plaine sauvage et désolée. La terre cède et s'effrite sous ses pas, si légers qu'ils soient; car la substance en est blanche, creuse et cariée, comme les débris poudreux d'ossements humains. Les longues herbes enchevêtrées ont des balancements de houle à la brise du soir, et leurs ombres mouvantes semblent trembler d'un frisson de fièvre, le long des monticules de ruines qui se soulèvent vers le soleil. La terre pulvérulente se mamelonne autour de lui, comme si les morts qui gisent au-dessous, se débattaient dans leur sommeil. Ça et là, des blocs quadrangulaires et noirs, froides reliques de puissants édifices dont pas une pierre ne reste posée sur l'autre, pèsent sur ces morts pour les empêcher de surgir.

Une brume violacée, lourde de miasmes, s'étale et rampe le long du désert, couvrant d'un voile cette débâcle ossianique, tandis que sur les lézards couve la rouge lumière du soir, ainsi que sur des autels profanés, un feu qui va mourir. L'échine du Mont Albain s'enlève en silhouette bleue sur la solennelle étendue d'un ciel vert, diaphane et pur. Comme autant de tours d'alarme, des nuages sombres posent, immobiles, sur chaque contrefort des Apennins. S'allongeant de la plaine vers les montagnes, l'enfilade des aqueducs écroulés se fond dans l'ombre crépusculaire, arche après arche; telle, une procession fantasmagorique d'innombrables pleureurs qui reviendraient d'un pèlerinage au tombeau d'une nation.

118.—LE JURA (PAYSAGE.)

C'était le printemps aussi, et toutes les fleurs se répandaient en grappes serrées comme par amour; il y avait bien assez de place pour toutes, mais elles écrasaient et contournaient leurs feuilles en toutes sortes de formes étranges, uniquement afin d'être plus près les unes des autres. Il y avait là l'anémone des bois, étoile sur étoile, s'achevant à tout moment en nébuleuses, et il y avait les oxalis, troupe sur troupe, comme les processions virginales du Mois de Marie. Les sombres fentes verticales du calcaire étaient bouchées par ces fleurs comme par une neige épaisse, et bordées de lierre, sur les arêtes, d'un lierre léger et adorable comme de la vigne; et de temps en temps un jaillissement bleu de violettes et les clochettes des primevères aux endroits ensoleillés, et sur le terrain plus découvert, la vesce, la consoude et le bois gentil, et les petits bourgeons de saphir de la *Polygala Alpina*, et la fraise sauvage, juste une fleur ou deux, tout cela semé dans le velouté doré d'une mousse épaisse, chaude et couleur d'ambre.

J'arrivai à ce moment sur le bord du ravin; soudain, de ses profondeurs, le murmure solennel de ses eaux monta jusqu'à moi, mêlé au chant des grives dans les branches des pins; et sur le côté opposé de la vallée, encaissée dans toute sa longueur comme elle l'était par des murailles grises de roche calcaire, il y avait un faucon qui s'envolait lentement de leur sommet, les frôlant presque de son aile; et les ombres projetées d'en haut par les pins, vacillaient sur son plumage; tandis qu'à une profondeur de cent brasses sous sa poitrine, les moires tournoyantes de la verte rivière glissaient et brillaient vertigineusement, et les globes d'écume de l'eau couraient dans le même sens que le vol de l'oiseau.

119*.—RÊVERIE SUR LES BORDS DE LA CLYDE.

Les ombres du soir tombaient à l'heure où Morton remontait l'étroite gorge qui avait dû être boisée autrefois, mais qui n'était plus maintenant qu'un ravin dépouillé d'arbres; il en restait bien quelques-uns qui perchés dans des endroits inaccessibles sur le bord de talus escarpés, ou cramponnés à des rochers et à d'énormes blocs de pierre, défiaient l'envahissement des hommes et des bestiaux; on eût dit les tribus dispersées d'un pays conquis, forcées de chercher asile derrière les remparts de ses montagnes arides. Et ces arbres mêmes, étiolés, ravagés, ne semblaient que "traîner une mourante vie (1);" ils ne servaient qu'à indiquer ce qu'avait bien pu être le paysage au temps jadis. Mais le torrent dévalait à grand bruit par la ravine, plein de fraîcheur et d'entrain, y inspirant la vie et l'allégresse que seul peut éveiller un ruisseau de montagne parmi les scènes les plus mornes et les plus sauvages,—cette vie, cette gaieté qui manquent aux habitants d'un tel pays, même lors-

(1) Lafontaine 'Les Animaux malades de la Peste.'

qu'ils contemplent les méandres d'un fleuve lent et majestueux qui arrose de riches campagnes et baigne les murs de palais princiers. Le sentier suivait tous les zigzags du torrent qui tantôt se laissait entrevoir, et tantôt ne décelait plus sa présence que par son vacarme parmi les pierres ou dans les creux des rochers qui de temps à autre en interrompaient le cours.

"Pourquoi ces murmures, petite source? s'écria Morton dans l'exaltation de sa rêverie, pourquoi ce courroux contre (1) les roches qui ne t'arrêtent que pour un moment dans ta course? N'est-il pas une mer prête à te recevoir dans son sein? et n'est-il pas une éternité pour l'homme, quand sera finie et parachevée sa course orageuse et éphémère à travers la vallée du temps? Tels tes bouillonnements rageurs en comparaison des profonds et vastes flots d'un océan sans grève, tels nos soucis, nos espérances, nos craintes, nos joies et nos peines, auprès des sujets qui devront nous occuper pendant l'effroyable et infinie succession des siècles."

N.B. must ;—can.

120.—TOBY DANS LA RAFALE.

C'était un endroit aéré, qui bleuissait (2) le nez, qui rougissait les yeux, qui faisait venir la chair de poule, gelait les doigts de pied, qui faisait claquer les dents, que l'endroit où Toby Veck attendait, en hiver, et il le savait bien. Le vent arrivait en se démenant autour du coin (3),—principalement le vent d'est—comme s'il était parti (4) des confins de la terre pour tomber sur notre homme. Et souvent on aurait dit qu'il arrivait sur lui plus tôt qu'il n'avait pensé; car, tournant d'un bond autour du coin (5) et dépassant Toby, il revenait soudain sur lui-même en tourbillonnant (6) comme s'il criait: "Ah! le voilà!" (7) A l'instant, son petit tablier blanc était retourné contre sa tête comme la blouse d'un enfant méchant (8), et l'on voyait sa faible petite canne lutter et s'agiter inutilement (9) dans sa main; ses jambes subissaient une agitation terrible, et lui-même, tout courbé (10), faisant face tantôt d'un côté, tantôt d'un autre, était si bien souffleté et battu et rossé (11) et houspillé et tirailé et bousculé et soulevé de terre, que c'était presque positivement un miracle s'il n'était pas enlevé en chair et en os (12) en haut de l'air comme l'est parfois une colonie de grenouilles ou d'escargots ou d'autres créatures portatives, pour tomber (13) en pluie au grand étonnement (14) des indigènes dans quelque coin reculé du monde où l'espèce des commissionnaires est inconnue. (*Transl. by* TAINÉ.)

(1) *or* à quoi bon t'acharner contre.

(2) *or* C'était un endroit exposé, un endroit à vous bleuir... à vous rougir... à faire venir la chair de poule, geler les pieds et claquer les dents, que l'endroit...

(3) *or* arrivait en tempête et tournait rageusement le coin.

(4) *add* dare dare. (5) *or preferably* franchissant d'un bond le coin.

(6) *or* il faisait soudain volte-face. (7) *or* "Tiens! Mais le voilà!"

(8) *or* d'un petit mauvais sujet, *or* d'un enfant qui n'est pas sage.

(9) *or* se démener en pure perte. (10) *or* tout en biais, *or* tout de travers.

(11) 'et rossé' seem unnecessary. (12) *or* tout d'une pièce.

(13) *or* retomber. (14) *or* à l'ébahissement, *or* à l'ahurissement.

121.—BONHEUR ET PAUVRETÉ.

De tous les individus que j'aie jamais connus, le plus heureux était le plus pauvre. Il s'appelait Draper, tout court; il aurait trouvé superflu d'y ajouter autre chose; et personne, à coup sûr, ne se serait avisé de demander son prénom à un pareil traîne-semelle. Car, qui dit prénom, dit baptême, père et mère, parrain et marraine, et, de plus, au préalable, une naissance dans les formes; or, à sa connaissance, ou, du reste, à celle de qui que ce fût, Draper n'avait jamais mis les pieds dans une église ou dans une chapelle; et, quant à l'identité de son père, il n'en savait pas plus long qu'un coucou n'en sait du sien. A l'époque où j'avais l'avantage de le connaître, c'était un gaillard d'âge mûr, de belle carrure, et d'une santé sans pareille dont témoignaient son appétit superbe, ses dents blanches, son teint vermeil et ses yeux gris qui étincelaient comme des diamants,—vêtu d'ailleurs d'habits usés jusqu'à la corde, le chapeau défoncé, les bottes éculées, et, sur les lèvres, toujours un sourire radieux, et toujours le mot pour rire. Nouvel Autolycus de Shakespeare en loques et en guenilles, il était doué du même esprit et de la même philosophie; il était depuis longtemps d'avis que :

Cœur joyeux, la route est facile;
Cœur triste, c'en est trop d'un mille (1).

Les loques et les haillons de Draper avaient ceci de particulier, qu'ils reluisaient au loin comme la panse d'un bateau de pêche, et pour la même raison: Draper était, à l'intérieur et à l'extérieur, enduit de goudron; il en était cuirassé et blindé. Ce qu'il aimait le mieux au monde, c'était le *dolce far niente*. En hiver, chaque fois qu'il le pouvait, il s'y adonnait, blotti dans la bonne paille moelleuse de quelque grange; en été, c'était enfoui parmi les gueules de loup et les fougères sur la lisière d'un taillis; là, allongé sur le ventre, il pouvait à son aise observer le va-et-vient du petit monde des insectes sur les ponts d'herbe verte et le long des sentiers ombreux qui dévalent sous les feuilles des bassinets et les boules d'or des renoncules. Il connaissait et il aimait toutes les choses des bois, grandes et petites, comme s'il eût été un Faune; il comprenait l'intelligence et les mœurs des belettes et des renards, des lièvres et des hérissons, des mulots et des scarabées, comme s'il eût été lui-même, tour à tour, diptère, coléoptère ou quadrupède. Bien qu'il fût d'avis, comme Aristote, que le recueillement est la seule occupation digne du sage, le besoin de bière et de tabac pour l'aider dans ses méditations, l'avait forcé à prendre un état.

(1) or Cœur joyeux finit son chemin;
Un mille est trop pour cœur chagrin.

or Le cœur joyeux fait la route au galop;
Pour un cœur triste, un mille est déjà trop.

or Joyeux, l'homme sans peine achève son voyage;
Mais triste, avant un mille il a perdu courage.

122.—VOLTAIRE.

Il n'y a pas, que je sache, une seule grande pensée dans ses trente-six in-quarto... Son regard s'arrête à la superficie de la nature; le grand Tout, qui, avec sa beauté et sa mystérieuse grandeur infinie, réduit au néant le petit, l'humble *moi*, ne lui a jamais été révélé, même un seul instant; il a regardé et noté seulement tel atome, et puis tel autre, leurs différences et leurs oppositions. Sa théorie du monde, sa peinture de l'homme et de la vie de l'homme est mesquine, pitoyable même pour un poète et un philosophe. Il lit l'histoire, non pas avec les yeux d'un voyant pieux ou même d'un critique, mais avec une simple paire de lunettes anticatholiques. Elle n'est point pour lui un drame grandiose, joué sur le théâtre de l'infini, avec les soleils pour lampes (1) et l'éternité pour fond, mais une pauvre, insipide dispute de Club, dévidée dix siècles durant entre l'Encyclopédie et la Sorbonne. L'univers de Dieu est un patrimoine de Saint Pierre un peu plus grand que l'autre, duquel il serait agréable et bon de chasser le pape. La haute louange d'avoir poursuivi un but juste ou noble ne peut lui être accordée sans beaucoup de réserves, et peut même, avec assez d'apparence, lui être refusée. La force qui lui était nécessaire n'était ni noble ni grande, mais petite et, à quelques égards, de basse espèce. Seulement, il en fait usage avec dextérité et à propos. Pour bâtir le temple d'Ephèse, il avait fallu le travail de bien des têtes sages et de bien des bras robustes, pendant des vies entières; et ce même temple a pu être détruit par un fou, en une heure.

(Translated by TAINE.)

N.B. Could, can, may.

123.—LA VÉNÉRATION.

La science sans vénération est stérile, peut-être vénéneuse. L'homme qui ne peut pas vénérer, qui ne sait pas habituellement vénérer et adorer, quand il serait le président de cent Sociétés royales, et quand il porterait dans sa seule tête toute la Mécanique Céleste et toute la philosophie de Hegel, et l'abrégé de tous les laboratoires et de tous les observatoires avec leurs résultats,—n'est qu'une paire de lunettes derrière laquelle il n'y a point d'yeux. Vos Instituts, vos Académies des sciences luttent bravement, et, parmi les myriades d'hiéroglyphes inextricablement entassés et entrelacés, recueillent par des combinaisons adroites quelques lettres en écriture vulgaire qu'ils mettent ensemble pour en former une ou deux recettes économiques fort utiles dans la pratique. Croient-ils par hasard que la nature n'est qu'un monceau de ces sortes de recettes, quelque énorme livre de cuisine? Génération après génération, l'humanité prend la forme d'un corps, et, s'élançant de la nuit cimmérienne, apparaît avec une mission du ciel. Puis l'envoyé céleste est rappelé; son vêtement de terre tombe, et bientôt devient, pour les sens eux-

(1) *or* pour rampe.

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